ESSAYS

ON

Men and Manners.

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

IN ONE VOLUME.

" Every single observation that is published by a man of genius,
" be it ever so trivial, should be esteemed of importance;
" because he speaks from his own impressions; whereas
" common men publish common things, which they perhaps
" gleaned from frivolous writers."

Essay on Writing and Books, No. LXIV.

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MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

A GREAT part of the poetic works of Mr. SHENSTONE, particularly his Elegies and Pastorals, are (as he himself expresses it) "The exact transcripts of the situation of his own mind;" and abound in frequent allusions to his own place, the beautiful scene of his retirement from the world. Exclusively therefore of our natural curiosity to be acquainted with the history of an author, whose works we peruse with pleasure, some short account of Mr. SHENSTONE's personal character, and situation in life, may not only be agreeable, but absolutely necessary to the reader; as it is impossible he should enter into the true spirit of his writings, if he is entirely ignorant of those circumstances of his life, which sometimes so greatly influences his reflection.

I could wish, however, that this task had been allotted to some person capable of performing it in that masterly manner which the subject so well deserves. To confess the truth, it was chiefly to prevent his remains from falling into the hands of any one still less qualified to do him justice, that I have unwillingly ventured to undertake the publication of them myself.

Mr. SHENSTONE was the eldest son of a plain uneducated country gentleman in Shropshire, who far-

med his own estate. The father, sensible of his son's extraordinary capacity, resolved to give him a learned education, and sent him a commoner to Pembroke College in Oxford, designing him for the Church: but though he had the most awful notions of the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, he never could be persuaded to enter into orders. In his private opinions he adhered to no particular sect, and hated all religious disputes. But whatever were his own sentiments, he always shewed great tenderness to those who differed from him. Tenderness, indeed, in every sense of the word, was his peculiar characteristic; his friends, his domestics, his poor neighbours, all daily experienced his benevolent turn of mind. Indeed, this virtue in him was often carried to such excess, that it sometimes bordered upon weakness: yet if he was convinced that any of those ranked amongst the number of his friends, had treated him ungenerously, he was not easily reconciled. He used a maxim, however, on such occasions, which is worthy of being observed and imitated; "I never (said he) will be a revengeful enemy; but I cannot, it is not in my nature, to be half a friend." He was in his temper, quite unsuspicious; but if suspicion was once awakened in him, it was not laid asleep again without difficulty.

He was no economist; the generosity of his temper prevented him from paying a proper regard to the use of money: he exceeded therefore the bounds of his paternal fortune, which before he died was considerably encumbered. But when one recollects the perfect paradise he had raised around him, the hospitality with which he lived, his great indulgence to his servants, his charities to the indigent, and all done with an estate not more than three hundred pounds a year, one should rather be led to wonder that he left any thing behind him, than to blame his want of economy. He left however more than sufficient to

pay all his debts; and by his will appropriated his whole for that purpose.

It was perhaps from some considerations on the narrowness of his fortune, that he forbore to marry; for he was no enemy to wedlock, had a high opinion of many among the fair sex, was fond of their society, and no stranger to the tenderest impressions. One, which he received in his youth, was with difficulty surmounted. The lady was the subject of that sweet pastoral, in four parts, which has been so universally admired; and which, one would have thought, must have subdued the loftiest heart, and softened the most obdurate.

His person, as to height, was above the middle stature, but largely and rather inelegantly formed: his face seemed plain till you conversed with him, and then it grew very pleasing. In his dress he was negligent, even to a fault; though when young, at the university, he was accounted a Beau. He wore his own hair, which was quite grey very early, in a particalar manner; not from any affectation of singularity, but from a maxim he had laid down that without too slavish a regard to fashion, every one should dress in a manner most suitable to his own person and figure. In short, his faults were only little blemishes, thrown in by nature, as it were on purpose to prevent him from rising too much above the level of imperfection allotted to humanity.

His character as a writer will be distinguished by simplicity with elegance, and genius with correctness. He had a sublimity equal to the highest attempts; yet from the indolence of his temper, he chose rather to amuse himself in culling flowers at the foot of the mount, than to take the trouble of climbing the more arduous steeps of Parnassus. But whenever he was disposed to rise, his steps, though natural, were noble, and always well supported. In the tenderness of elegiac poetry he hath not

excelled; in the simplicity of pastoral, one venture to say he had very few equals. Of sensibility himself, he never failed to engage hearts of his readers: and amidst the nicest attion to the harmony of his numbers, he always care to express with propriety the sentiments an elegant mind. In all his writings, his greatest ficulty was to please himself. I remember a pasge in one of his letters, where, speaking of his e songs, he says...." Some were written on ocsions a good deal imaginary, others not so; and e reason there are so many is, that I wanted to write ne good song, and could never please myself." It as this diffidence which occasioned him to throw side many of his pieces before he had bestowed upon them his last touches. I have suppressed several on this account; and if among those which I have selected, there should be discovered some little want of his finishing polish, I hope it will be attributed to this cause, and of course be excused: yet I flatter myself there will always appear something well worthy of having been preserved. And though I was afraid of inserting what might injure the character of my friend, yet as the sketches of a great master are always valuable, I was unwilling the public should lose any thing material of so accomplished a writer. In this dilemma it will easily be conceived that the task I had to perform would become somewhat difficult. How I have acquitted myself, the public must judge. Nothing, however, except what he had already published, has been admitted without the advice of his most judicious friends, nothing altered without their particular concurrence. It is impossible to please every one; but it is hoped that no reader will be so unreasonable, as to imagine that the author wrote solely for his amusement: his talents were various; and though it may perhaps be allowed that his excellence chiefly appeared in subjects of the

derness and simplicity, yet he frequently condescended to trifle with those of humour and drollery: these, indeed, he himself in some measure degraded by the title which he gave them of Levities; but had they been entirely rejected, the public would have been deprived of some Jeux d'esprits, excellent in their kind, and Mr. SHENSTONE's character as a writer would have been but imperfectly exhibited.

But the talents of Mr. SHENSTONE were not confined merely to poetry: his character, as a man of clear judgment, and deep penetration, will best appear from his prose works. It is there we must search for the acuteness of his understanding, and his profound knowledge of the human heart. It is to be lamented indeed, that some things here are unfinished, and can be regarded only as fragments: many are left as single thoughts, but which, like the sparks of diamonds, shew the richness of the mind to which they belong; or like the foot of a Hercules, discover the uncommon strength, and extraordinary dimensions of that hero. I have no apprehension of incurring blame from any one, for preserving these valuable remains: they will discover to every reader, the author's sentiments on several important subjects. And there can be very few, to whom they will not impart many thoughts, which they would never perhaps have been able to draw from the source of their own reflections.

But I believe little need be said to recommend the writings of this gentleman to public attention. His character is already sufficiently established. And if he be not injured by the inability of his editor, but there is no doubt he will ever maintain an eminent station among the best of our English writers.

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ESSAYS

ON

Men and Manners.

ON PUBLICATIONS.

IT is not unamusing to consider the several apologies that people make when they commence authors. It is taken for granted that, on every publication, there is at least a seeming violation of modesty; a presumption, on the writer's side, that he is able to instruct or entertain the world; which implies a supposition that he can communicate, what they cannot draw from their own reflections.

To remove any prejudice this might occasion, has been the general intent of prefaces. Some we find extremely solicitous to claim acquaintance with their reader; addressing him by the most tender and endearing appellations. He is in general styled the most loving, candid and courteous creature that ever breathed; with a view, doubtless, that he will deserve the compliment; and that his favour may be secured at the expence of his better judgment. Mean and idle expectation! The accidental elopements and ad-

ventures of a composition; the danger of an imperfect and surreptitious publication; the pressing and indiscreet instances of friends; the pious and well-meant frauds of acquaintance; with the irresistable commands of persons in high life; have been excuses often substituted in place of real motives, vanity and hunger.

The most allowable reasons for appearing thus in public are, either the advantage or amusement of our fellow-creatures, or our own private emolument and reputation.

A man possessed of intellectual talents would be more blamable in confining them to his own private use, than the mean-spirited miser, that did the same by his money. The latter is indeed obliged to bid adieu to what he communicates! the former enjoys his treasures, even while he renders others the better for them. A composition that enters the world with a view of improving or amusing it (I mean only, amusing it in a polite or innocent way) has a claim to our utmost indulgence, even though it fail of the effect intended.

When a writer's private interest appears the motive of his publication, the reader has a larger scope for accusation, even if he be a sufferer. Whoever pays for thoughts, which this kind of writers may be said to vend, has room enough to complain, if he be disappointed of his bargain. He has no revenge, but ridicule; and, contrary to the practice in other cases, to make the worst of a bad bargain.

When the love of fame acts upon a man of genius the case appears to stand thus. The generality of the world, distinguished by the name of readers, observe with a reluctance not unnatural, a person raising himself above them. All men have some desire of fame, and fame is grounded on comparison. Every one then is somewhat inclined to dispute his title to a superiority; and to disallow his pretensions upon

the discovery of a flaw. Indeed, a fine writer, like a luminous body, may be beneficial to the person he enlightens; but it is plain, he renders the capacity of the other more discernible.....Examination, however, is a sort of turnpike in the way to fame, where, though a writer be a while detained, and part with a trifle from his pocket, he finds in his return a more commodious and easy road to the temple.

When, therefore, a man is conscious of ability to serve his country, or believes himself possessed of it (for there is no previous test on this occasion) he has no room to hesitate, or need to make apology..... When self-interest inclines a man to print, he should consider that the purchaser expects a penny-worth for his penny; and has reason to asperse his honesty if he finds himself deceived....Also, that it is possible to publish a book of no value, which is too frequently the product of such mercenary people.....When fame is the principal object of our devotion, it should be considered whether our character is like to gain in point of wit, what it will probably loose in point of modesty: otherwise, we shall be censured of vanity more than famed for genius; and depress our character while we strive to raise it.

After all, there is a propensity in some to communicate their thoughts without any view at all: the more sanguine of these employ the press; the less lively are contented with being impertinent in conversation.

ON THE TEST OF POPULAR OPINION.

I HAPPEN to fall into company with a citizen, a courtier, and an academic.

Says the citizen, I am told continually of taste, *refinement* and politeness; but methinks the vulgar and illiterate generally approve the same productions with the connoisseurs. One rarely finds a landscape, a building, or a play, that has charms for the critic exclusive of the mechanic. But, on the other hand, one readily remarks students who labour to be dull, depraving their native relish by the very means they use to refine it. The vulgar may not indeed be capable of giving the reasons why a composition pleases them. That mechanical distinction they leave to the connoisseur. But they are at all times, methinks, judges of the beauty of an effect, a part of knowledge in most respects allowedly more genteel than that of the operator.

Says the courtier, I cannot answer for every individual instance: but I think, moderately speaking, the vulgar are generally in the wrong. If they happen to be otherwise, it is principally owing to their implicit reliance on the skill of their superiors: and this has sometimes been strangely effectual in making them imagine they relish perfection. In short, if ever they judge well, it is at the time they least presume to frame opinions for themselves.

It is true they will pretend to taste an object which they know their betters do. But then they consider some person's judgment as a certain standard or rule; they find the object exactly tally; and this demonstrated appearance of beauty affords them some small degree of satisfaction.

It is the same with regard to the appetite, from which the metaphor of taste is borrowed. "Such a

soup or olio, say they, is much in vogue; and if you do not like it, you must learn to like it."

But in poetry, for instance, it is urged that the vulgar discover the same beauties with the man of reading.

Now half or more of the beauties of poetry depend on metaphor or allusion, neither of which, by a mind uncultivated, can be applied to their proper counterparts. Their beauty, of consequence, is like a picture to a blind man.

How many of these peculiarities in poetry turn upon a knowledge of philosophy and history: and let me add, these latent beauties give the most delight to such as can unfold them.

I might launch out much farther in regard to the narrow limits of their apprehensions.....What I have said may exclude their infallibility; and it is my opinion they are seldom right.

The academic spoke little, but to the purpose; asserting that all ranks and stations have their different spheres of judging: that a clown of native taste enough to relish Handel's Messiah, might unquestionably be so instructed as to relish it yet more: that an author, before he prints, should not flatter himself with a confused expectation of pleasing both the vulgar and the polite; few things in comparison, being capable of doing both in any great degree: that he should always measure out his plan for the size of understanding he would fit. If he can content himself with the mob, he is pretty sure of numbers for a time. If he write with more abundant elegance, it may escape the organs of such readers; but he will have a chance for such applause as will more sensibly affect him. Let a writer then in his first performances neglect the idea of profit, and the vulgar's applause entirely: let him address him to the judicious few, and then profit and the mob will follow. His first ap-

pearance on the stage of letters will engross the politer compliments; and his latter will partake of the irrational huzza.

ON ALLOWING MERIT IN OTHERS.

A CERTAIN gentleman was expressing himself as follows:

I confess, I have no great taste for poetry; but if I had, I am apt to believe I should read no other poetry than that of Mr. Pope. The rest but barely arrive at a mediocrity in their art; and, to be sure, poetry of that stamp can afford but slender pleasure.

I know not, says another, what may be the gentleman's motive to give this opinion: but I am persuaded, numbers pretend the same through mere jealousy or envy.

A reader considers an author, as one who lays claim to a superior genius. He is ever inclined to dispute it, because, if he happen to invalidate his title, he has at least one superior the less. Now though a man's absolute merit may not depend upon the inferiority of another, yet his comparative worth varies in regard to that of other people. Self-love, therefore, is ever attentive to pursue the single point of admitting no more into the class of superiors, than it is impossible to exclude. Could it even limit the number to one, they would soon attempt to undermine him. Even Mr. Pope had been refused his honours, but that the very constraint, and even absurdity, of people's shutting their eyes grew as disagreeable to them, as that excellence, which, when open, they could not but discover.

But self-love obtains its wishes in another respect also. It hereby not only depresses the characters of many that have wrote, but stifles the genius of such as might hereafter rise from amongst our inferiors.

Let us not deny to Mr. Pope the praises which a person enamoured of poetry would bestow on one that excelled in it: but let us consider Parnassus rather as a republic than a monarchy; where, although some may be in possession of a more cultivated spot, yet others may possess land as fruitful, upon equal cultivation.

On the whole, let us reflect, that the nature of the soil, and the extent of its fertility, must remain undiscovered, if the gentleman's desponding principle should meet with approbation.

Mr. Pope's chief excellence lies in what I would term consolidating or condensing sentences, yet preserving ease and perspecuity. In smoothness of verse, perhaps, he has been equalled: in regard to invention, excelled.

Add to this, if the writers of antiquity may be esteemed our truest models, Mr. Pope is much more witty, and less simple, than his own Horace appears in any of his writings. More witty, and less simple, than the modern Monsieur Boileau, who claimed the merit of uniting the style of Juvenal and Persius with that of Horace.

Satire gratifies self-love. This was one source of his popularity; and he seems even so very conscious of it, as to stigmatize many inoffensive characters.

The circumstance of what is called alliteration and the nice adjustment of the pause, have conspired to charm the present age, but have at the same time given his verses a very cloying peculiarity.

But, perhaps, we must not expect to trace the flow of Waller, the landscape of Thompson, the fire of Dryden, the imagery of Shakspeare, the simplicity of Spencer, the courtliness of Prior, the humour of

Swift, the wit of Cowley, the delicacy of A[illegible] the tenderness of Otway, and the invention, [illegible] rit, and sublimity of Milton, joined in any [illegible] writer. The lovers of poetry, therefore, should [illegible] low some praise to those who shine in any branc[illegible] it, and only range them into classes according [illegible] that species in which they shine.

"Quare agite, O juvenes!"

Banish the self-debasing principle, and scorn the disingenuity of readers. Humility has depressed many a genius into a hermit; but never yet raised one into a poet of eminence.

THE IMPROMPTU.

THE critics, however unable to fix the time which it is most proper to allow for the action of an epic poem, have universally agreed that some certain space is not to be exceeded. Concerning this, Aristotle, their great Lycurgus, is entirely silent. Succeeding critics have done little more than cavil concerning the time really taken up by the greatest epic writers: that, if they could not frame a law, they might at least establish a precedent of unexceptionable authority. Homer, say they, confined the action of his Iliad, or rather his action may be reduced, to the space of two months. His Odyssey, according to Bossu and Dacier, is extended to eight years. Virgil's Æneid has raised very different opinions in his commentators. Tasso's poem includes a summer....But leaving such knotty points to persons that appear born for the discussion of them, let us

endeavour to establish laws that are more likely to be obeyed, than controverted. An epic writer, though limited in regard to the time of his action, is under no sort of restraint with regard to the time he takes to finish his poem. Far different is the case with a writer of Impromptu's. He indeed is allowed all the liberties that he can possibly take in his composition, but is rigidly circumscribed with regard to the space in which it is completed. And no wonder; for whatever degree of poignancy may be required in this composition, its peculiar merit must ever be relative to the expedition with which it is produced.

It appears indeed to me to have the nature of that kind of sallad, which certain eminent adepts in chemistry have contrived to raise, while a joint of mutton is roasting. We do not allow ourselves to blame its unusual flatness and insipidity, but extol the flavour it has, considering the time of its vegetation.

An extemporaneous poet, therefore, is to be judged as we judge a race-horse; not by the gracefulness of his motion, but the time he takes to finish his course. The best critic upon earth may err in determining his precise degree of merit, if he have neither a stop-watch in his hand, nor a clock within his hearing.

To be a little more serious. An extemporaneous piece ought to be examined by a compound ratio, or a medium compounded of it's real worth, and the shortness of the time that is employed in it's production. By this rule, even Virgil's poem may be in some sort deemed extemporaneous, as the time he took to perfect so extraordinary a composition, considered with its real worth, appears shorter than the time employed to write the distics of Cosconius.

On the other hand, I cannot allow this title to the flashes of my friend S..... in the magazine, which have no sort of claim to be called verses, besides their instantaneity.

Having ever made it my ambition to see my writings distinguished for something poignant, unexpected, or, in some respects, peculiar; I have acquired a degree of fame by a firm adherence to the Concetti. I have stung folks with my epigrams, amused them with acrostics, puzzled them with rebusses, and distracted them with riddles. It remained only for me to succeed in the Impromptu, for which I was utterly disqualified by a whoreson slowness of apprehension.

Still desirous, however, of the immortal honour to grow distinguished for an extempore, I petitioned Apollo to that purpose in a dream. His answer was as follows:...." That whatever piece of wit, either written or verbal, makes any pretence to merit, as of extemporaneous production, shall be said or written within the time that the author supports himself on one leg. That Horace had explained his meaning, by the phrase stans pede in uno. And forasmuch as one man may persevere in the posture longer than another, he would recommend it to all candidates for this extraordinary accomplishment, that they would habituate themselves to study in no other attidude whatsoever."

Methought I received his answer with the utmost pleasure as well as veneration; hoping, that, however I was debarred of the acumen requisite for an extempore, I might learn to weary out my betters in standing on one leg.

AN HUMOURIST.

TO form an estimate of the proportion which one man's happiness bears to another's, we are to consider the mind that is allotted to him with as much attention as the circumstances. It were superfluous to evince that the same objects which one despises, are frequently to another the substantial source of admiration. The man of business and the man of pleasure are to each other mutually contemptible; and a blue garter has less charms for some, than they can discover in a butterfly. The more candid and sage observer condemns neither for his pursuits, but for the derision he so profusely lavishes upon the disposition of his neighbour. He concludes that schemes infinitely various were at first intended for our pursuit and pleasure; and that some find their account in heading a cry of hounds, as much as others in the dignity of lord chief-justice.

Having premised thus much, I proceed to give some account of a character which came within the sphere of my own observation.

Not the entrance of a cathedral, not the sound of a passing bell, not the furs of a magistrate, nor the sables of a funeral, were fraught with half the solemnity of face!

Nay, so wonderfully serious was he observed to be on all occasions, that it was found hardly possible to be otherwise in his company. He quashed the loudest tempest of laughter, whenever he entered the room; and men's features, though ever so much roughened, were sure to grow smooth at his approach.

The man had nothing vicious, or even ill-natured in his character; yet he was the dread of all jovial conversation; the young, the gay, found their spi-

rits fly before him. Even the kitten and the *pu*
as it were by instinct, would forego their frolics,
be still. The depression he occasioned was like
of a damp or vitiatedair. Unconscious of any a
rent cause, you found your spirits sink insensib
and were any one to sit for the picture of ill-luc
is not possible the painter could select a more pro*pe*
person.

Yet he did not fail to boast of a superior share of reason, even for the want of that very faculty, risibility, with which it is supposed to be always joined.

Indeed he acquired the character of the most ingenious person of his country, from this meditative temper. Not that he had ever made any great discovery of his talents; but a few oracular declarations, joined with a common opinion that he was writing somewhat for posterity, completed his reputation.

Numbers would have willingly depreciated his character, had not his known sobriety and reputed sense deterred them.

He was one day overheard at his devotions, returning his most fervent thanks for some particularities in his situation, which the generality of mankind would have but little regarded.

Accept, said he, the gratitude of thy most humble, yet most happy creature, not for silver or gold, the tinsel of mankind, but for those amiable peculiarities which thou hast so graciously interwoven both with my fortune and my complexion: for those treasures so well adapted to that frame of mind thou hast assigned me.

That the surname which has descended to me is liable to no pun.

That it runs chiefly upon vowels and liquids.

That I have a picturesque countenance rather than one that is esteemed of regular features.

That there is an intermediate hill, intercepting my view of a nobleman's seat, whose ill-obtained superiority I cannot bear to recollect.

That my estate is over-run with brambles, resounds with cataracts, and is beautifully varied with rocks and precipices, rather than an even cultivated spot, fertile of corn, or wine, or oil; or those kinds of productions in which the sons of men delight themselves.

That as thou dividest thy bounties impartially; giving riches to one, and the contempt of riches to another, so thou hast given me, in the midst of poverty, to despise the insolence of riches, and by declining all emulation that is founded upon wealth, to maintain the dignity and superiority of the Muses.

That I have a disposition either so elevated or so ingenuous, that I can derive to myself amusement from the very expedients and contrivances with which rigorous necessity furnishes my invention.

That I can laugh at my own follies, foibles, and infirmities; and that I do not want infirmities to employ this disposition.

This poor gentleman caught cold one winter's night, as he was contemplating, by the side of a chrystal stream by moonshine. This afterwards terminated in a fever that was fatal to him. Since his death, I have been favoured with the inspection of his poetry, of which I preserved a catalogue for the benefit of my readers.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

On his dog, that growing corpulent refused a crust when it was offered him.

To the memory of a pair of breeches, that had done him excellent service.

Having lost his trusty walking-staff, he complaineth.

To his mistress, on her declaring that she loved parsnips better than potatoes.

On an ear-wig that crept into a nectarine that it might be swallowed by Cloe.

On cutting an artichoke in his garden the day that Queen Anne cut her little finger.

Epigram on a wooden peg.

Ode to the memory of the great modern....who first invented shoe-buckles.

THE HERMIT.

(IN THE MANNER OF CAMBRAY.)

IT was in that delightful month which Love prefers before all others, and which most reveres this deity: that month which ever weaves a verdant carpet for the earth, and embroiders it with flowers. The banks became inviting through their coverlets of moss; the violets, refreshed by the moisture of descending rains, enriched the tepid air with their agreeable perfumes. But the shower was past; the sun dispersed the vapours; and the sky was clear and lucid, when Polydore walked forth. He was of a complexion altogether plain and unaffected; a lover of the Muses, and beloved by them. He would oftentimes retire from the noise of mixed conversation, to enjoy the melody of birds, or the murmurs of a waterfall. His neighbours often smiled at his peculiarity of temper; and he no less, at the vulgar cast of theirs. He could never be content to pass his irrevocable time in an idle comment upon a newspaper, or in adjusting the precise difference of temperature betwixt the weather of to-day and yesterday. In short he was not void of some ambition, but what he felt he ac-

knowledged, and was never averse to vindicate. As he never censured any one who indulged their humour inoffensively, so he claimed no manner of applause for those pursuits which gratified his own. But the sentiments he entertained of honour, and the dignity conferred by royal authority, made it wonderful how he bore the thoughts of obscurity and oblivion. He mentioned with applause the youths who by merit had arrived at station; but he thought that all should in life's visit leave some token of their existence; and that their friends might more reasonably expect it from them, than they from their posterity.

There were few, he thought, of talents so very inconsiderable, as to be unalterably excluded from all degrees of fame: and in regard to such as had a liberal education, he ever wished that in some art or science they would be persuaded to engrave their names. He thought it might be some pleasure to reflect, that their names would at least be honoured by their descendants, although they might escape the notice of such as were not prejudiced in their favour.

What a lustre, said he, does the reputation of a Wren, a Waller, or a Walsingham, cast upon their remotest progeny? and who would not wish rather to be descended from them, than from the mere carcase of nobility? Yet wherever superb titles are faithfully offered as the reward of merit, he thought the allurements of ambition were too transporting to be resisted. But to return.

Polydore, a new inhabitant in a sort of wild, uninhabited country, was now ascended to the top of a mountain, and in the full enjoyment of a very extensive prospect. Before him a broad and winding valley, variegated with all the charms of landscape. Fertile meadows, glittering streams, pendent rocks, and nodding ruins. But these indeed were much

less the objects of his attention, than those distant hills and spire that were almost concealed by one undistinguished azure. The sea, indeed, appeared to close the scene, though distant as it was it but little variegated the view. Hardly indeed were it distinguishable but for the beams of a descending sun, which at the same time warned our traveller to return, before the duskiness and dews of evening had rendered the walk uncomfortable.

He had now descended to the foot of the mountain, when he remarked an old hermit approaching to a little hut, which he had formed with his own hands at the very bottom of the precipice. Polydore, all enamoured of the beauties he had been surveying, could not avoid wondering at his conduct, who, not content with shunning all commerce with mankind, had contrived as much as possible to exclude all views of nature. He accosted him in the manner following :....Father, says he, it is with no small surprise, that I observe your choice of situation, by which you seem to neglect the most distant and delightful landscape that ever my eyes beheld. The hill, beneath which you have contrived to hide your habitation, would have afforded you such a variety of natural curiosities, as to a person so contemplative, must appear highly entertaining : and as the cell to which you are advancing is seemingly of your own contrivance, methinks it is probable you would so have placed it, as to present them, in all their beauty, to your eye.

The hermit made him this answer. My son, says he, the evening approaches, and you have deviated from your way. I would not therefore detain you by my story, did I not imagine the moon would prove a safer guide to you, than that setting sun which you must otherwise rely upon. Enter, therefore, for a while into my cave, and I will give you then some account of my adventures, which will solve your

doubts perhaps more effectually than any method I can propose. But before you enter my lone abode, calculated only for the use of meditation, dare to contemn superfluous magnificence, and render thyself worthy of the being I contemplate.

Know then, that I owe what the world is pleased to call my ruin (and indeed justly, were it not for the use which I have made of it) to an assured dependence, in a literal sense, upon confused and distant prospects: a consideration, which hath indeed so affected me, that I shall never henceforth enjoy a landscape that lies at so remote a distance, as not to exhibit all its parts. And indeed were I to form the least pretentions to what your world calls taste, I might even then perhaps contend that a well discriminated landscape was at all times to be preferred to a distant and promiscuous azure.

I was born in the parish of a nobleman who arrived to the principal management of the business of the nation. The heir of his family and myself were of the same age, and for sometime school fellows. I had made considerable advances in his esteem; and the mutual affection we entertained for each other, did not long remain unobserved by his family or my own. He was sent early upon his travels pursuant to a very injudicious custom, and my parents were solicited to consent that I might accompany him. Intimations were given to my friends, that a person of such importance as his father might contribute much more to my immediate promotion, than the utmost diligence I could use in pursuit of it. My father, I remember, assented with reluctance: my mother, fired with the ambition of her son's future greatness, through much importunity, "wrung from him his slow leave." I, for my own part, wanted no great persuasion. We made what is called the great tour of Europe. We neither of us, I believe, could be said to want natural sense; but being

banished so early in life, were more attentive to every deviation from our own indifferent customs, than to any useful examination of their polices or manners. Judgment, for the most part, ripens very slowly. Fancy often expands her blossoms all at once.

We were now returning home from a six year's absence: anticipating the caresses of our parents and relations, when my ever honoured companion was attacked by a fever. All possible means of safety proving finally ineffectual, he accosted me in one of his lucid intervals as follows:

Alas! my Clytander! my life, they tell me, is of very short continuance. The next paroxysm of my fever will probably be conclusive.

The prospect of this sudden change does not allow me to speak the gratitude I owe thee; much less to reward the kindness on which it is so justly grounded. Thou knowest that I was sent away early from my parents, and the more rational part of my life has been passed with thee alone. It cannot be but they will prove solicitous in their enquiries concerning me. Thy narrative will awake their tenderness, and they cannot but conceive some for their son's companion and his friend. What I would hope is, that they will render thee some services, in place of those their beloved son intended thee, and which I can unfeignedly assert, would have been only bounded by my power. My dear companion! farewell. All other temporal enjoyments have I banished from my heart; but friendship lingers long, and 'tis with tears I say farewell.....

My concern was truly so great, that, upon my arrival in my native country, it was not at all encreased by the consideration that the nobleman, on whom my hopes depended, was removed from all his places. I waited on him; and he appeared sensibly grieved that the friendship he had ever professed could now so little avail me. He recommended me, however,

to a friend of his that was then of the successful party, and who, he was assured, would, at his request, assist me to the utmost of his power. I was now in the prime of life, which I effectually consumed upon the empty forms of our court-attendance. Hopes arose before me like bubbles upon a stream; as quick succeeding one another, as superficial and as vain. Thus busied in my pursuit, and rejecting the assistance of cool examination, I found the winter of life approaching, and nothing procured to shelter or protect me when my second patron died. A race of new ones appeared before me, and even yet kept my expectations in play. I wished indeed I had retreated sooner; but to retire at last unrecompenced, and when a few months attendance might happen to prove successful, was beyond all power of resolution.

However, after a few years more attendance, distributed in equal proportions upon each of these new patrons, I at length obtained a place of much trouble and small emolument. On the acceptance of this, my eyes seemed open all at once. I had no passion remaining for the splendor which was grown familiar to me, and for civility and confinement I entertained an utter aversion. I officiated however for a few weeks in my post, wondering still more and more how I could ever covet the life I led. I was ever most sincere, but sincerity clashed with my situation every moment of the day. In short, I returned home to a paternal income, not indeed intending that austere life in which you at present find me engaged.... I thought to content myself with common necessaries, and to give the rest, if aught remained, to charity; determined, however, to avoid all appearance of singularity. But alas! to my great surprise, the person who supplied my expences had so far embroiled my little affairs, that, when my debts, &c. were discharged, I was unable to subsist in any bet-

ter manner than I do at present. I grew at first entirely melancholy; left the country where I was born, and raised the humble roof that covers me in a country where I am not known. I now begin to think myself happy in my present way of life: I cultivate a few vegetables to support me; and the little well there, is a very clear one. I am now an useless individual; little able to benefit mankind; but a prey to shame, and to confusion, on the first glance of every eye that knows me. My spirits are indeed something raised by a clear sky, or a meridian sun; but as to the extensive views of the country, I think them well enough exchanged for the warmth and comfort which this vale affords me. Ease is at least the proper ambition of age, and it is confessedly my supreme one.

Yet will I not permit you to depart from an hermit, without one instructive lesson. Whatever situation in life you ever wish or propose for yourself, acquire a clear and lucid idea of the inconveniences attending it. I utterly contemned and rejected, after a month's experience, the very post I had all my life time been solicitous to procure.

ON DISTINCTIONS, ORDERS, AND DIGNITIES.

THE subject turned upon the nature of societies, ranks, orders, and distinctions, amongst men. A gentleman of spirit, and of the popular faction, had been long declaiming against any kind of honours that tended to elevate a body of people into a distinct species from the rest of the nation. Particularly titles and blue ribbands were the object of his indignation. They were, as he pretended, too in-

vidious an ostentation of superiority, to be allowed in any nation that styled itself free. Much was said upon the subject of appearances, so far as they were countenanced by law or custom. The bishop's lawn; the marshal's truncheon; the baron's robe; and the judge's peruke, were considered only as necessary substitutes, where genuine purity, real courage, native dignity, and suitable penetration, were wanting to complete the characters of those to whom they were assigned.

It was urged that policy had often effectually made it a point to dazzle, in order to enslave; and instances were brought of groundless distinctions borne about in the glare of day by certain persons, who, being stripped of them, would be less esteemed than the meanest plebeian.

He acknowledged, indeed, that kings, the fountains of all political honour, had hitherto shewn no complaisance to that sex whose softer dispositions rendered them more excusably fond of such peculiarities.

That, in favour of the ladies, he should esteem himself sufficiently happy in the honour of inventing one order, which should be styled, The powerful order of beauties.

That their number in Great Britain should be limited to five thousand; the dignity for ever to be conferred by the queen alone, who should be styled sovereign of the order, and, the rest, the companions.

That the instalment should be rendered a thousand times more ceremonious, the dresses more superb, and the plumes more enormous, than those already in use amongst the companions of the garter.

That the distinguishing badge of this order should be an artificial nosegay, to be worn on the left breast; consisting of a lily and a rose, the proper emblems

of complexion, and intermixed with a branch of myrtle, the tree sacred to Venus.

That instead of their shields being affixed to the stalls appointed for this order, there should be a gallery erected to receive their pictures at full length. Their portraits to be taken by four painters of the greatest eminence, and he whose painting was preferred, to be styled A knight of the rose and lily.

That when any person addressed a letter to a lady of this order, the style should always be To the Right beautiful Miss or Lady such-a-one.

He seemed for some time undetermined whether they should forfeit their title upon marriage; but at length, for many reasons, proposed it should be continued to them.

And thus far the gentleman proceeded in his harangue; when it was objected that the queen, unless she unaccountably chose to mark out game for her husband, could take no sort of pleasure in conferring this honour where it was most due: That as ladies grew in years, this epithet of beautiful would burlesque them; and, in short, considering the frailty of beauty, there was no lasting compliment that could be bestowed upon it.

At this the orator smiled; and acknowledged it was true: But asked at the same time, why it was more absurd to style a lady right beautiful, in the days of her deformity, than to term a peer right honourable when he grew a scandal to mankind?

That this was sometimes the case, he said, was not to be disputed; because titles have been sometimes granted to a worthless son, in consequence of a father's enormous wealth most unjustly acquired. And few had ever surpassed in villany the right honourable the earl of A.....

The company was a little surprised at the sophistry of our declaimant. However, it was replied to,

by a person present, that Lord.....'s title being fictitious, no one ought to instance him to the disadvantage of the p....rage, who had, strictly speaking, never been of that number.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE declaimant, I before mentioned, continued his harangue. There are, said he, certain epithets which so frequently occur, that they are the less considered; and which are seldom or never examined, on account of the many opportunities of examination that present themselves.

Of this kind is the word Gentleman. This word, on its first introduction, was given, I suppose, to freemen, in opposition to vassals: these being the two classes into which the nation was once divided*. The freeman was he, who was possessed of land, and could therefore subsist without manual labour; the vassal, he who tenanted the land, and was obliged to his thane for the necessaries of life. The different manners we may presume, that sprung from their different situations and connexions, occasioned the one to be denominated a civilized or gentle personage; and the other to obtain the name of a mere rustic or villain.

But upon the publication of crusades, the state of things was considerably altered: It was then that every freeman distinguished the shield which he wore

* As the author is not writing a treatise on the feudal law, but a moral essay; any little inaccuracies, it is to be hoped, will be overlooked by those, who, from several late treatises on this subject, might expect great exactness and precision in a serious discussion of this point.

with some painted emblem or device; and this, in order that his fellow-combatants might attribute to him his proper applause, which, upon account of similar accoutrements, might be otherwise subject to misapplication.

Upon this there arose a distinction betwixt freeman and freeman. All who had served in those religious wars continued the use of their first devices, but all devices were not illustrated by the same pretensions to military glory.

However, these campaigns were discontinued: fresh families sprung up; who, without any pretence to mark themselves with such devices as these holy combatants, were yet as desirous of respect, of estimation, of distinction. It would be tedious enough to trace the steps by which money establishes even absurdity. A court of heraldry sprung up, to supply the place of crusade exploits, to grant imaginary shields and trophies to families that never wore real armour, and it is but of late that it has been discovered to have no real jurisdiction.

Yet custom is not at once overthrown; and he is even now deemed a gentleman who has arms recorded in the Herald's office, and at the same time follows none, except a liberal employment.

Allowing this distinction, it is obvious to all who consider, that a churlish, morose, illiterate clown; a lazy, beggarly, sharping vagabond; a stupid, lubberly, inactive sot, or pick-pocket, nay even an highwayman, may be nevertheless a gentleman as by law established. In short, that the definition may, together with others include also the filth, the scum, and the dregs of the creation.

But do we not appear to disallow this account, when we say, "such or such an action was not done in a gentleman-like manner," "such usage was not the behaviour of a gentleman," and so forth. We seem thus to insinuate that the appellation of gentleman

regards morals as well as family; and that integrity, politeness, generosity, and affability, have the truest claim to a distinction of this kind. Whence then shall we suppose was derived this contradiction? Shall we say that the plebeians, having the virtues on their sides, by degrees removed this appellation from the basis of family to that of merit; which they esteemed, and not unjustly, to be the true and proper pedestal? This the gentry will scarce allow. Shall we then insist that every thing great and godlike was heretofore the achievement of the gentry? But this, perhaps, will not obtain the approbation of the commoners.

To reconcile the difference, let us support the denomination may belong equally to two sorts of men. The one, what may be styled a gentleman de jure, viz. a man of generosity, politeness, learning, taste, genius or affability; in short, accomplished in all that is splendid, or endeared to us by all that is amiable, on the one side: and on the other, a gentleman de facto, or what, to English readers, I would term a gentleman as by law established.

As to the latter appellation, what is really essential, or, as logicians would say, "quarto modo proprium," is a real, or at least a specious claim to the inheritance of certain coat-armour from a second or more distant ancestor; and this unstained by any mechanical or illiberal employment.

We may discover, on this state of the case, that, however material a difference this distinction supposes yet it is not wholly impracticable for a gentleman de jure to render himself in some sort a gentleman de facto. A certain sum of money, deposited in the hands of my good friends Norroy or Rougedragon, will convey to him a coat of arms descending from as many ancestors as he pleases. On the other hand, the gentleman de facto may become a gentleman also de jure, by the acquisition of certain virtues,

which are rarely all of them unattainable. T
ter, I must acknowledge, is the more difficult
at least we may daily discover crowds acquir
cient wealth to buy gentility, but very few tha
sess the virtues which ennoble human natur
(in the best sense of the word) constitute a
man.

A CHARACTER.

HE was a youth so amply furnished with
excellence of mind, that he seemed alike cape
acquiring or disregarding the goods of fortune
had indeed all the learning and erudition that
derived from universities, without the pedanti
ill manners which are too often their atter
What few or none acquire by the most intens
duity, he possessed by nature; I mean, that el
of taste, which disposed him to admire beauty
it's great variety of appearances. It passed
observed by him either in the cut of a sleeve,
integrity of a moral action. The proportion o
tue, the convenience of an edifice, the moven
a dance, and the complexion of a cheek or flov
forded him sensations of beauty; that beauty
inferior geniuses are taught coldly to distingui
to discern rather than feel. He could trace t
cellencies both of the courtier and the student
are mutually ridiculous in the eyes of each
He had nothing in his character that could o
so great accomplishments, beside the want, th
want, of a desire to exhibit them. Through
came to pass, that what would have raised a
to the heights of reputation, was oftentimes l

passed over unregarded. For, in respect to ordinary observers, it is requisite to lay some stress yourself, on what you intend should be remarked by others; and this never was his way. His knowledge of books had in some degree diminished his knowledge of the world; or, rather, the external forms and manners of it. His ordinary conversation was, perhaps, rather too pregnant with sentiment, the usual fault of rigid students; and this he would in some degree have regulated better, did not the universality of his genius, together with the method of his education, so largely contribute to this amiable defect. This kind of awkwardness (since his modesty will allow it no better name) may be compared to the stiffness of a fine piece of brocade, whose turgescency indeed constitutes, and is inseparable from, its value. He gave delight by an happy boldness in the extirpation of common prejudices; which he could as readily penetrate, as he could humorously ridicule: and he had such entire possession of the hearts as well as understandings of his friends, that he could soon make the most surprising paradoxes believed and well-accepted. His image, like that of a sovereign, could give an additional value to the most precious ore; and we no sooner believed our eyes that it was he who spake it, than we as readily believed whatever he had to say. In this he differed from W.....r, that he had the talents of rendering the greatest virtues unenvied: whereas the latter shone more remarkably in making his very faults agreeable: I mean in regard to those few he had to exercise his skill.

N. B. This was written, in an extempore-manner, on my friend's wall at Oxford, with a black lead pencil, 1735, and intended for his character.

ON RESERVE.....A FRAGMENT.

TAKING an evening's walk with a friend in the country, among many grave remarks, he was making the following observation. There is not, says he, any one quality so inconsistent with respect, as what is commonly called familiarity. You do not find one in fifty, whose regard is proof against it. At the same time, it is hardly possible to insist upon such a deference as will render you ridiculous, if it be supported by common sense. Thus much at least is evident, that your demands will be so successful, as to procure a greater share than if you had made no such demand. I may frankly own to you, Leander, that I frequently derived uneasiness, from a familiarity with such persons as despised every thing they could obtain with ease. Were it not better, therefore, to be somewhat frugal of our affability, at least to allot it only to the few persons of discernment who can make the proper distinction betwixt real dignity and pretended: to neglect those characters, which being impatient to grow familiar, are at the same time very far from familiarity-proof: to have posthumous fame in view, which affords us the most pleasing landscape: to enjoy the amusement of reading, and the consciousness that reading paves the way to general esteem: to preserve a constant regularity of temper, and also of constitution, for the most part but little consistent with a promiscuous intercourse with men: to shun all illiterate, though ever so jovial assemblies, insipid, perhaps, when present, and upon reflection painful: to meditate on those absent or departed friends, who value or valued us for those qualities with which they were best acquainted: to partake with such a friend as you, the delights of a studious and rational retirement....Are not these the paths that lead to happiness?

In answer to this (for he seemed to feel some mortification) I observed, that what we lost by familiarity in respect, was generally made up to us by the affection it procured; and that an absolute solitude was so very contrary to our natures, that were he excluded from society but for a single fortnight, he would be exhilarated at the sight of the first beggar that he saw.

What follows were thoughts thrown out in our further discourse upon the subject: without order or connexion, as they occur to my remembrance.

Some reserve is a debt to prudence; as freedom and simplicity of conversation is a debt to good-nature.

There would not be any absolute necessity for reserve, if the world were honest: yet, even then, it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it seems necessary that people should imagine you have more accomplishments than you discover.

It is on this depends one of the excellencies of the judicious Virgil. He leaves you something ever to imagine: and such is the constitution of the human mind, that we think so highly of nothing, as of that whereof we do not see the bounds. This, as Mr. Burke ingeniously observes, affords the pleasure when we survey a Cylinder*; and Sir John Suckling says,

> "They who know all the wealth they have, are poor;
> He's only rich, who cannot tell his store."

A person that would secure to himself great deference, will, perhaps, gain his point by silence, as effectually as by any thing he can say.

To be, however, a niggard of one's observation, is so much worse than to hoard up one's money, as the former may be both imparted and retained at the same time.

* Treatise of the sublime and beautiful.

Men oftentimes pretend to proportion their respect real desert; but a supercilious reserve and distance aries them into a compliance with more. This pears so very manifest to many persons of the lofcharacter, that they use no better means to acquire spect, than like highwaymen to make a demand of

They will, like Empedocles, jump into the fire, ther than betray the mortal part of their character. It is from the same principle of distance that nans are brought to believe that their great duke oweth all things; as is the case in some countries.

" Men, while no human form or fault they see,
Excuse the want of ev'n humanity;
And eastern kings, who vulgar views disdain,
Require no worth to fix their awful reign.
You cannot say in truth what may disgrace 'em
You know in what predicament to place 'em.
Alas! in all the glare of light reveal'd,
Ev'n virtue charms us less than vice conceal'd!

" For some small worth he had, the man was priz'd,
He added frankness....and he grew despis'd."

We want comets, not ordinary planets:
" Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum." TERENCE.

" Hunc cælum, & stellas, & decendentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nulla
Imbuti spectent."

Virtues, like essences, lose their fragrance when posed. They are sensitive plants, which will not ar too familiar approaches.

Let us be careful to distinguish modesty, which is er amiable, from reserve, which is only prudent.... man is hated sometimes for pride, when it was an cess of humility gave the occasion.

What is often termed shyness, is nothing more an refined sense, and an indifference to common servations.

The reserved man's intimate acquaintance are, for the most part, fonder of him, than the persons of a more affable character, i. e. he pays them a greater compliment than the other can do his, as he distinguishes them more.

It is indolence, and the pain of being upon one's guard, that makes one hate an artful character.

The most reserved of men, that will not exchange two syllables together in an English coffee-house, should they meet at Ispahan, would drink sherbet and eat a mess of rice together.

The man of shew is vain: the reserved man is proud more properly. The one has greater depth; the other a more lively imagination....The one is more frequently respected; the other more generally beloved. The one a Cato: the other a Cæsar....Vide Sallust.

What Cæsar said of "Rubicundos amo; pallidos timeo;" may be applied to familiarity, and to reserve.

A reserved man often makes it a rule to leave company with a good speech: and I believe sometimes proceeds so far as to leave company, because he has made one. Yet it is fate often, like the mole, to imagine himself deep, when he is near the surface.

Were it prudent to decline this reserve, and this horror of disclosing foibles; to give up a part of character to secure the rest? The world will certainly insist upon having some part to pull to pieces. Let us throw out some follies to the envious; as we give up counters to a highwayman, or a barrel to a whale, in order to save one's money and one's ship: to let it make exceptions to one's head of hair, if one can escape being stabbed in the heart.

The reserved man should drink double glasses.

Prudent men lock up their motives; letting familiars have a key to their heart, as to their garden.

A reserved man is in continual conflict with the social part of his nature: and even grudges himself the laugh into which he sometimes is betrayed.

> " Seldom he smiles....
> And smiles in such a sort as he disdain'd
> Himself....that could be mov'd to smile at any thing...."

" A fool and his words are soon parted;" for so should the proverb run.

Common understandings, like cits in gardening, allow no shades to their picture.

Modesty often passes for errant haughtiness; as what is deemed spirit in a horse proceeds from fear.

The higher character a man supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

The reserved man should bring a certificate of his honesty, before he be admitted into company.

Reserve is no more essentially connected with understanding, than a church organ with devotion, or wine with good nature*.

ON EXTERNAL FIGURE.

THERE is a young gentleman in my parish, who, on account of his superior equipage, is esteemed universally more proud and haughty than his neighbours. It is frequently hinted, that he is by no means entitled to so splendid an appearance, either by his birth, his station, or his fortune; and that it is of consequence mere pride that urges him to live beyond his rank, or renders him blind to the know-

* These were no other than a collection of hints, when I proposed to write a poetical essay on Reserve.

ledge of it. With all this fondness for external splendour, he is a most affable and ingenious man; and for this reason I am inclined to vindicate him, when these things are mentioned to his disadvantage.

In the first place, it is by no means clear, that dress and equipage are sure signs of pride. Where it is joined with a supercilious behaviour, it becomes then a corroborative testimony. But this is not always the case: the refinements of luxury in equipage, or a table, are perhaps as often the gratifications of fancy, as the consequence of an ambition to surpass and eclipse our equals. Whoever thinks that taste has nothing to do here, must confine the expression to improper limits; assuredly imagination may find its account in them, wholly independent of worldly homage and considerations more invidious.

In the warmth of friendship for this gentleman, I am sometimes prompted to go farther. I insist, it is not birth or fortune only that give a person claim to a splendid appearance; that it may be conferred by other qualifications, in which my friend is acknowledged to have a share.

I have sometime urged that remarkable ingenuity, any great degree of merit in learning, arts or sciences, are a more reasonable authority for a splendid appearance than those which are commonly presumed to be so. That there is something more personal in this kind of advantages than in rank or fortune, will not be denied: and surely there ought to be some proportion observed betwixt the case and the thing enclosed. The propensity of rich and worthless people to appear with a splendor upon all occasions, puts us in mind of a country shopkeeper, who gilds his boxes in order to be the receptacle of pitch or tobacco. It is not unlike the management of our theatres royal, where you see a piece of candle honoured with a crown.

I have generally considered those as privileged people, who are able to support the character they assume. Those who are incapable of shining but by dress, would do well to consider that the contrast betwixt them and their cloaths turns out much to their disadvantage. It is on this account I have sometimes observed with pleasure some noblemen of immense fortune to dress exceeding plain.

If dress be only allowable to persons of family, it may then be considered as a sort of family livery, and Jack the groom may, with equal justice, pride himself upon the gaudy wardrobe his master gives him. Nay more....for a gentleman, before he hires a servant, will require some testimony of his merit; whereas the master challenges his own right to splendor, though possessed of no merit at all.

Upon my present scheme of dress, it may seem to answer some very good purposes. It is then established on the same foundation, as the judge's robe and the prelate's lawn. If dress were only authorised in men of ingenuity, we should find many aiming at the previous merit, in hopes of the subsequent distinction. The finery of an empty fellow would render him as ridiculous as a star and garter would one never knighted: and men would use as commendable a diligence to qualify themselves for a brocaded waistcoat, or a gold snuff-box, as they now do to procure themselves a right of investing their limbs in lawn or ermine. We should not esteem a man'a coxcomb for his dress, until, by frequent conversation, we discover a flaw in his title. If he was incapable of uttering a bon mot, the gold upon his coat would seem foreign to his circumstances. A man should not wear a French dress, till he could give an account of the best French authors; and should be versed in all the oriental languages before he should presume to wear a diamond.

It may be urged, that men of the greatest merit may not be able to shew it in their dress, on account of their slender income. But here it should be considered that another part of the world would find their equipages so much reduced by a sumptuary law of this nature, that a very moderate degree of splendor would distinguish them more than a greater does at present.

What I propose, however, upon the whole is, that men of merit should be allowed to dress in proportion to it; but this with the privilege of appearing plain, whenever they found an expediency in so doing: as a nobleman lays aside his garter, when he sees no valuable consequence in the discovery of his quality.

A CHARACTER.

"Animæ nil magnæ laudis egentes."

THERE is an order of persons in the world, whose thoughts never deviate from the common road; whatever events occur, whatever objects present themselves, their observations are as uniform as though they were the consequence of instinct. There is nothing places these men in a more insignificant point of light, than a comparison of their ideas with the refinements of some great genius. I shall only add, by way of reflection, that it is people of this stamp, who, together with the soundest health, often enjoy the greatest equanimity; their passions, like dull steeds, being least apt to endanger or misguide them: yet such is the fatality! Men of genius are often

expected to act with most discretion, on acc
that very fancy which is their greatest impe

I was taking a view of Westminster-abbe
an old gentleman of exceeding honesty, but th
degree of understanding as that I have descri

There had nothing passed in our way thith
side the customary salutations, and an endea
decide with accuracy upon the present temper
the weather. On passing over the threshold,
served with an air of thoughtfulness, that i
brave ancient place.

I told him, I thought there was none mor
ble, to moralize upon the futility of all earthly
as there was none which contained the ashes
that had acquired a greater share of it. On
gave a nod of approbation, but did not seem t
prehend me.

Silence ensued for many minutes; when
had time to reflect upon the monuments of n
mous in their generations, he stood collected i
self; assuring me "there was no sort of exc
could exempt a man from death."

I applauded the justice of his observatio
said, it was not only my present opinion, b
been so for a number of years. "Right," s
"and for my own part I seldom love to publ
remarks upon a subject, till I have had the
firmed to me by a long course of experience.'

This last maxim, somewhat beyond his
depth, occasioned a silence of some few m
The spring had been too much bent to reco
mediately its wonted vigour. We had taken
few turns, up and down the left hand aisle, w
caught sight of a monument somewhat large
the rest, and more calculated to make impressio
an ordinary imagination. As I remember, it w
ed to an ancestor of the Duke of Newcastle. "
says he, with an air of cunning, "this is in

fine piece of workmanship; but I cannot conceive this finery is any signification to the person buried there." I told him, I thought not; and that, under a notion of respect to the deceased, people were frequently imposed upon by their own pride and affectation.

We were now arrived at the monument of Sir George Chamberlain; where my friend had just perused enough to inform him that he was an eminent physician, when he broke out with precipitation, and as though some important discovery had struck his fancy on a sudden. I listened to him with attention, till I found him labouring to insinuate that physicians themselves could not save their lives when their time was come.

He had not proceeded many steps from it before he beckoned to our Ciceroni. "Friend," says he, pointing with his cane, "how long has that gentleman been dead?" The man set him right in that particular; after which putting on a woeful countenance, "Well," says he, "to behold how fast time flies away! 'Tis but a small time to look back upon, since he and I met at the Devil*. Alas, continued he, "we shall never do so again:" indulging myself with a pun that escaped me on a sudden, I told him I hoped not; and immediately took my leave.

This old gentleman, as I have since heard, passed his life chiefly in the country; where it faintly participated either of pleasure or of pain. His chief delights indeed were sensual, but those of the less vigorous kind; an afternoon's pipe, an evening walk, or a nap after dinner. His death, which happened, it seems, quickly after, was occasioned by an uniform application to Bostock's cordial, whatever his case required. Indeed his discourse, when any complained of sickness, was a little exuberant in the praises

* A well-known tavern near Temple-Bar.

this noble cathartic. But his distemper proving a nature to which this remedy was wholly foreign, well as this precluding the use of a more effectu- recipe, he expired, not without the character of a ıst considerate person. I find, by one part of his l, he obliged his heir to consume a certain quan- r of ale among his neighbours, on the day he was n; and by another, left a ring of bells to the ırch adjoining to his garden. It looks as if the l gentleman had not only an aversion to much re- ction in himself, but endeavoured to provide against ın succeeding generations.

I have heard that he sometimes boasted that he s a distant relation of Sir Roger de Coverley.

AN OPINION OF GHOSTS.

IT is remarkable how much the belief of ghosts d apparitions of persons departed, has lost ground thin these fifty years. This may perhaps be ex- ıined by the general growth of knowledge; and by e consequent decay of superstition, even in those ıgdoms where it is most essentially interwoven th religion.

The same credulity, which disposed the mind to lieve the miracles of a popish saint, set aside at ce the interposition of reason; and produced a ıdness for the marvellous, which it was the priest's vantage to promote.

It may be natural enough to suppose that a belief this kind might spread in the days of popish in- uation. A belief, as much supported by igno- nce, as the ghosts themselves were indebted to the ght.

But whence comes it, that narratives of this kind have at any time been given, by persons of veracity, of judgment, and of learning? men neither liable to be deceived themselves, nor to be suspected of an inclination to deceive others, though it were their interest; nor who could be supposed to have any interest in it, even though it were their inclination?

Here seems a further explanation wanting than what can be drawn from superstition.

I go upon a supposition, that the relations themselves were false. For as to the arguments sometimes used in this case, that had there been no true shilling there had been no counterfeit, it seems wholly a piece of sophistry. The true shilling here should mean the living person; and the counterfeit resemblance, the posthumous figure of him, that either strikes our senses or our imagination.

Supposing no ghost then ever appeared, is it a consequence that no man could ever imagine that they saw the figure of a person deceased; Surely those, who say this, little know the force, the caprice, or the defects, of the imagination.

Persons after a debauch of liquor, or under the influence of terror, or in the deliria of a fever, or in a fit of lunacy, or even walking in their sleep, have had their brain as deeply impressed with chimerical representations as they could possibly have been, had their representations struck their senses.

I have mentioned but a few instances, wherein the brain is primarily affected. Others may be given perhaps not quite so common, where the stronger passions, either acute or chronical, have impressed their object upon the brain; and this in so lively a manner, as to leave the visionary no room to doubt of their real presence.

How difficult then must it be to undeceive a person as to objects thus imprinted? imprinted absolutely with the same force as their eyes themselves could

have pourtrayed them! and how many persons must there needs be, who could never be undeceived at all!

Some of these causes might not improbably have given rise to the notion of apparitions, and when the notion had been once promulgated, it had a natural tendency to produce more instances.

The gloom of night, that was productive of terror, would be naturally productive of apparitions. The event confirmed it.

The passion of grief for a departed friend, of horror for a murdered enemy, of remorse for a wronged testator, of love for a mistress killed by inconstancy, of gratitude to a wife of long fidelity, of desire to be reconciled to one who died at variance, of impatience to vindicate what was falsely construed, of propensity to consult with an adviser that is lost....The more faint as well as the more powerful passions, when bearing relation to a person deceased, have often, I fancy, with concurrent circumstances, been sufficient to exhibit the dead to the living.

But, what is more, there seems no other account that is adequate to the case as I have stated it. Allow this, and you have at once a reason, why the most upright may have published a falsehood, and the most judicious confirmed an absurdity.

Supposing then that apparitions of this kind may have some real use in God's moral government: is not any moral purpose, for which they may be employed, as effectually answered on my supposition, as the other? for surely it cannot be of any importance, by what means the brain receives these images. The effect, the conviction, and the resolution consequent, may be just the same in either of the cases.

Such appears, to me at least, to be the true existence of apparitions.

The reasons against any external apparition, among others that may be brought, are these that follow.

They are, I think, never seen by day; and darkness being the season of terror and uncertainty, and the imagination less restrained, they are never visible to more than one person: which had more probably been the case, were not the vision internal.

They have not been reported to have appeared these twenty years. What cause can be assigned, were their existence real, for so great a change as their discontinuance?

The cause of superstition has lost ground for this last century; the notion of ghosts has been, together exploded: a reason why the imagination should be less prone to conceive them; but not a reason why they themselves should cease.

Most of those, who relate that these spectres have appeared to them, have been persons either deeply superstitious in other respects; of enthusiastic imaginations, or strong passions, which are the consequence; or else have allowedly felt some perturbation at the time.

Some few instances may be supposed, where the caprice of imagination, so very remarkable in dreams, may have presented fantasms to those that waked. I believe there are few but can recollect some, wherein it has wrought mistakes, at least equal to that of a white horse for a winding-sheet.

To conclude. As my hypothesis supposes the chimera to give terror equal to the reality, our best means of avoiding it, is to keep a strict guard over our passions....To avoid intemperance, as we would a charnel-house; and by making frequent appeals to cool reason and common sense, secure to ourselves the property of a well-regulated imagination.

ON CARDS.....A FRAGMENT.

.....WE had passed our evening with some
persons famous for their taste, their learning,
finement: But, as ill-luck would have it, two
duller than the rest, had contrived to put them
upon a level, by introducing a game at cards.

It is a sign, said he, the world is far gone
surdity, or surely the fashion of cards would
counted no small one. Is it not surprising th
of sense should submit to join in this idle
which appears originally invented to supply it
ciency? But such is the fatality! imperf
give rise to fashions! and are followed by tho
do not labour under the defects that introduced
Nor is the hoop the only instance of a fashion
ted by those who found their account in it; a
terwards countenanced by others to whose fi
was prejudicial.

How can men, who value themselves upo
reflections, give encouragement to a practice,
puts an end to thinking?

I intimated the old allusion of the bow, that re
fresh vigour by a temporary relaxation.

He answered, this might be applicable, pro
could shew, that cards did not require the
thinking; and merely exclude from it, the pro
the pleasure.

Cards, if one may guess from their first a
ance, seem invented for the use of children
among the toys peculiar to infancy, the bell
whistle, the rattle, and the hobby-horse, de
their share of commendation. By degrees me
came nearest to children in understanding an
of ideas, grew enamoured of the use of them as
able entertainment. Others also, pleased to
on the innocent part of their lives, had reco

this amusement, as what recalled it to their minds. A knot of villains encreased the party; who regardless of that entertainment, which the former seemed to draw from cards, considered them in a more serious light, and made use of them as a more decent substitute to robbing on the road, or picking pockets. But men who propose to themselves a dignity of character, where will you find their inducement to this kind of game? For difficult indeed were it to determine, whether it appear more odious among sharpers, or more empty and ridiculous among persons of character.

Perhaps, replied I, your men of wit and fancy may favour this diversion, as giving occasion for the crop of jest and witticism, which naturally enough arises from the names and circumstances of the cards.

He said, he would allow this as a proper motive, in case the men of wit and humour would accept the excuse themselves.

In short, says he, as persons of ability are capable of furnishing out a much more agreeable entertainment; when a gentleman offers me cards, I shall esteem it as his private opinion that I have neither sense nor fancy.

I asked how much he had lost.....His answer was, he did not much regard ten pieces; but that it hurt him to have squandered them away on cards; and that to the loss of conversation for which he would have given twenty.

ON HYPOCRISY.

WERE hypocrites to pretend to no uncommon sanctity, their want of merit would be less discoverable. But pretensions of this nature bring their characters upon the carpet. Those who endeavour to pass for the lights of the world must expect to attract the eyes of it. A small blemish is more easily discoverable in them, and more justly ridiculous, than a much greater in their neighbours. A small blemish also presents a clue, which very often conducts us through the most intricate mazes and dark recesses of their character.

Notwithstanding the evidence of this, how often do we see pretence cultivated in proportion as virtue is neglected! As religion sinks in one scale, pretence is exalted in the other.

Perhaps, there is not a more effectual key to the discovery of hypocrisy than a censorious temper. The man possessed of real virtue knows the difficulty of attaining it; and is, of course, more inclined to pity others, who happen to fail in the pursuit. The hypocrite, on the other hand, having never trod the thorny path, is less induced to pity those who desert it for the flowery one. He exposes the unhappy victim without compuction, and even with a kind of triumph; not considering that vice is the proper object of compassion; or that propensity to censure is almost a worse quality than any it can expose.

Clelia was born in England, of Romish parents, about the time of the revolution. She seemed naturally framed for love, if you were to judge by her external beauties; but if you build your opinion on her outward conduct, you would have deemed her as naturally averse to it. Numerous were the garçons of the polite and gallant nation, who endeavoured to overcome her prejudices, and to reconcile her man-

ners to her form. Persons of rank, fortune, learning, wit, youth, and beauty sued to her; nor had she any reason to quarrel with love for the shapes in which he appeared before her. Yet in vain were all applications. Religion was her only object; and she seemed resolved to pass her days in all the austerities of the most rigid convent. To this purpose she sought out an abbess that presided over a nunnery in Languedoc, a small community, particularly remarkable for extraordinary instances of self-denial. The abbess herself exhibited a person in which chastity appeared indeed not very meritorious. Her character was perfectly well known before she went to preside over this little society. Her virtues were indeed such as she thought most convenient to her circumstances. Her fasts were the effects of avarice, and her devotions of the spleen. She considered the cheapness of house-keeping as the great reward of piety, and added profuseness to the seven deadly sins. She knew sack-cloth to be cheaper than brocade, and ashes than sweet powder.

Her heart sympathized with every cup that was broken, and she instituted a fast for each domestic misfortune. She had converted her larder into a study, and the greater part of her library consisted of manuals for fasting-days. By these arts, and this way of life, she seemed to enjoy as great a freedom from inordinate desires, as the persons might be supposed to do, who were favoured with her smiles or her conversation.

To this lady was Clelia admitted; and after the year of probation assumed the veil.

Among many others who had solicited her notice, before she became a member of this convent, was Leander, a young physician of great learning and ingenuity. His personal accomplishments were at least equal to those of any of his rivals, and his passion was superior. He urged in his behalf all that

wit, inspired by fondness, and recommended by person, dress, and equipage, could insinuate; but in vain. She grew angry at the solicitations with which she resolved never to comply, and which she found so difficult to evade.

But Clelia now had assumed the veil, and Leander was the most miserable of mortals. He had not so high an opinion of his fair one's sanctity and zeal, as some other of her admirers: But he had a conviction of her beauty, and that altogether irresistible. His extravagant passion had produced in him a jealousy that was not easily eluded,

"At regina dolos.....
"Quid non sentit amor?"

He had observed his mistress go more frequently to her confessor, a young and blooming ecclesiastic, than was, perhaps, necessary for so much apparent purity, or, as he thought, consistent with it. It was enough to put a lover on the rack, and it had this effect upon Leander. His suspicions were by no means lessened, when he found the convent to which Clelia had given the preference before all others, was one where this young friar supplied a confessional chair.

It happened that Leander was brought to the abbess in the capacity of a physician, and he had one more opportunity offered him of beholding Clelia through the grate.

She, quite shocked at his appearance, burst out into a sudden rage, inveighing bitterly against his presumption, and calling loudly on the name of the blessed virgin and the holy friar. The convent was, in short, alarmed; nor was Clelia capable of being pacified till the good man was called, in order to allay, by suitable applications, the emotions raised by this unexpected interview.

Leander grew daily more convinced, that it was not only verbal communications which passed be-

tween Clelia and the friar. This, however, he did not think himself fully warranted to disclose, till an accident of a singular nature, gave him an opportunity of receiving more ample testimony.

The confessor had a favourite spaniel, which he had lost for some time, and was informed at length that he was killed, at a village in the neighbourhood, being evidently mad. The friar was at first not much concerned; but in a little time recollected that the dog had snapped his fingers the very day before his elopement. A physician's advice was thought expedient on the occasion, and Leander was the next physician. He told him with great frankness, that no prescription he could write, had the sanction of so much experience as immersion in sea-water. The friar, therefore, the next day, set forward upon his journey, while Leander, not without a mischievous kind of satisfaction, conveys the following lines to Clelia.

"My charming Clelia,

THOUGH I yet love you to distraction, I cannot but suspect that you have granted favours to your confessor, which you might with greater innocence, have granted to Leander. All I have to add is this, that armorous intercourses of this nature, which you have enjoyed with Friar Laurence, put you under the like necessity with him of seeking a remedy in the ocean.

"Adieu! LEANDER!"

Imagine Clelia guilty; and then imagine her confusion. To rail was insignificant, and to blame her physician was absurd, when she found herself under a necessity of pursuing his advice. The whole society was made acquainted with the journey she was undertaking, and the causes of it. It were uncharitable to suppose the whole community under the

same constraint with the unhappy Clelia. However, the greater part thought it decent to attend her. Some went as her companions, some for exercise, some for amusement, and the abbess herself as guardian of her train, and concerned in her society's misfortunes.

What use Leander made of his discovery is not known. Perhaps, when he had been successful in banishing the hypocrite, he did not shew himself very solicitous in his endeavours to reform the sinner.

N. B. Written when I went to be dipped in the salt water.

ON VANITY.

HISTORY preserves the memory of empires and of states, with which it necessarily interweaves that of heroes, kings, and statesmen. Biography affords a place to the remarkable characters of private men. There are likewise other subordinate testimonies, which serve to perpetuate, at least prolong, the memories of men, whose characters and stations give them no claim to a place in story. For instance, when a person fails of making that figure in the world which he makes in the eyes of his own relations or himself, he is rarely dignified any farther than with his picture whilst he is living, or with an inscription upon his monument after his decease. Inscriptions have been so fallacious, that we begin to expect little from them beside elegance of style. To inveigh against the writers, for their manifest want of truth, were as absurd as to censure Homer for the beauties of an imaginary character.....But even paintings, in order to gratify the vanity of the person who be-

speaks them, are taught, now-a-days, to flatter like epitaphs.

Falsehoods upon a tomb or monument may be intitled to some excuse in the affection, the gratitude, and piety, of surviving friends. Even grief itself disposes us to magnify the virtues of a relation, as visible objects also appear larger through tears. But the man who through an idle vanity suffers his features to be belied or exchanged for others of a more agreeable make, may with great truth be said to lose his property in the portrait. In like manner, if he encourage the painter to belie his dress, he seems to transfer his claim to the man with whose station his assumed trappings are connected.

I remember a bag-piper, whose physiognomy was so remarkable and familiar to a club he attended, that it was agreed to have his picture placed over their chimney-piece. There was this remarkable in the fellow, that he chose always to go barefoot, though he was daily offered a pair of shoes. However, when the painter had been so exact as to omit this little piece of dress, the fellow offered all he had in the world, the whole produce of three night's harmony, to have those feet covered in the effigy, which he so much scorned to cover in the original. Perhaps he thought it a disgrace to his instrument to be eternized in the hands of so much apparent poverty. However, when a person of low station adorns himself with trophies to which he has no pretensions to aspire, he should consider the picture as actually telling a lie to posterity.

The absurdity of this is evident, if a person assume to himself a mitre, a blue garter, or a coronet, improperly; but station may be falsified by other decorations, as well as these.

But I am driven into this grave discourse, on a subject perhaps not very important, by a real fit of spleen. I this morning saw a fellow drawn in a

night-gown of so rich a stuff, that the expence, had he purchased such a one, would more than half have ruined him; and another coxcomb, seated by his painter in a velvet chair, who would have been surprised at the deference paid him, had he been offered a cushion.

AN ADVENTURE.

....." Gaudent prænomine molles
" Auriculæ".....

IT is a very convenient piece of knowledge for a person upon a journey, to know the compellations with which it is proper to address those he happens to meet by his way. Some accuracy here may be of use to him who would be well directed either in the length or the tendency of his road; or be freed from any itinerary difficulties incident to those who do not know the country. It may not be indeed imprudent to accost a passenger with a title superior to what he may appear to claim. This will seldom fail to diffuse a wonderful alacrity in his countenance; and be, perhaps, a method of securing you from any mistake of greater importance.

I was led into these observations by some solicitudes I lately underwent, on account of my ignorance in these peculiarities. Being somewhat more versed in books than I can pretend to be in the orders of men, it was my fortune to undertake a journey, which I was to perform by means of enquiries. I had passed a number of miles without any sort of difficulty, by help of the manifold instructions that had been given me on my setting out. At length,

being something dubious concerning my way, I met a person, whom, from his night-cap and several domestic parts of dress, I deemed to be of the neighbourhood. His station of life appeared to me, to be what we call a gentleman-farmer; a sort of subaltern character, in respect of which the world seems not invariably determined. It is in short what King Charles the Second esteemed the happiest of all stations; superior to the toilsome task and ridiculous dignity of constable; and as much inferior to the intricate practice and invidious decisions of a justice of peace. "Honest man," says I, "be so good as to inform me whether I am in the way to Mirlington?" He replied, with a sort of surliness, that he knew nothing of the matter; and turned away with as much disgust, as though I had called him rogue or rascal.

I did not readily penetrate the cause of his displeasure, but proceeded on my way, with hopes to find other means of information. The next I met was a young fellow, dressed in all the pride of rural spruceness; and beside him, walked a girl in a dress agreeable to that of her companion. As I presumed him by no means averse to appear considerable in the eyes of his mistress, I supposed a compliment might not be disagreeable; and enquiring the road to Mirlington, addressed him by the name of "Honesty." The fellow, whether to shew his wit before his mistress, or whether he was displeased with my familiarity, I cannot tell, directed me to follow a part of my face (which I was well assured could be no guide to me, and that other parts would follow of consequence.

The next I met, appeared, by his look and gait, to stand high in his own opinion. I therefore judged the best way of proceeding was to adapt my phrase to his own ideas, and saluting him by the name of "Sir," desired to obtain some insight into my road.

My gentleman, without hesitation, gave me instructions for the rest of my journey.

I passed on, musing with myself, why an lation relative to fortune should be preferred founded on merit; when I happened to behold tleman examining a sun-dial in his garden. "F says I, "will you tell me what a clock it is? made me no sort of answer, and seemed as much tisfied with my openness of temper, as with th fidence I placed in his....The refusal of an ans this case was not of much importance. I pr ed on my way, and happened to meet a very o man, whom I determined to accost by the a tion of "Dame;" and withal wished her a night.

But, alas! she seemed so little pleased wi manner of my address, that she returned me n ner of thanks for my kind wishes as to her r It is not clear whether my phrase was faulty, in to her dignity, or in respect of her age. Bu very probable she might conclude it an impro in respect of both.

I had by this time found the inconvenience utter ignorance in rural distinctions. The futur of my journey afforded me yet farther means o viction. I was exposed to the danger of three sands, by calling a girl "sweetheart," inste "madam;" and was within a foot of rushing a precipice, by calling another, "Forsooth," might easily have told me how to avoid it.

In short, I found myself well or ill used, as pened, or not, to suit my salutations to people's of their own rank. Towards the last part stage, I was to pass a brook, so much swell land-floods, that the proper way through it w distinguishable. A well-dressed gentleman wa sing a bridge on my left hand. It was here of importance for me to succeed in my enquiry.

therefore, meditating within myself which might be the most endearing of all appellations; and at last besought him to give me some instructions, under the name of "Honest Friend." He was not seemingly so much pleased as I assured myself he would be, and trudged onward without reply. After this, I had not gone many steps (out of the path, for so it proved) before I found myself and horse plunged headlong in the brook; and my late honest friend in a laughter at our downfall.

I made a shift, however, to recover both myself and horse; and, after a few more difficulties, arrived at the end of my journey. I have since made strict enquiry into the due application of such inferior titles, and may, perhaps, communicate them to you, on some future occasions. In the mean time, you may, if you please, consider the vast importance of superior titles, when there is no one so inconsiderable, but there is also a mind that it can influence.

When you reflect upon this subject, you will, perhaps, be less severe on your friend....., who, you tell me, is now trafficing for this species of dignity.

Learn to be wise then from others harm; and do not forget to observe decorum, on every occasion that you may have to address him for the future. Pretend no more at the close of your epistle to be his faithful servant, much less his affectionate one. Tender your services with great respect, if you do not choose to do it with profound veneration. He will certainly have no more to do with sincerity and truth. Remember,

"Male si palpere, recalcitrat."

ON MODESTY AND IMPUDENCE.

WHEN a man of genius does not print, he discovers himself by nothing more than by his abilities in dispute. However let him shew solidity in his opinions, together with ease, elegance, and vivacity in his expressions; yet if an impudent face be found to baffle him, he shall be judged inferior in other respects. I mean, he will grow cheap in mixed company: for as to select judges, they will form their opinions by another scale: with these, a single epistle, penned with propriety, will more effectually prove his wit, than an hundred defects in his conversation will demonstrate the reverse.

It is true, there is nothing displays a genius, I mean a quickness of genius, more than a dispute; as two diamonds, encountering, contribute to each other's lustre. But perhaps the odds is much against the man of taste in this particular.

Bashfulness is more frequently connected with good sense, than we find assurance: and impudence, on the other hand, is often the mere effect of downright stupidity. On this account the man of genius has as much the advantage of his antagonist, as a racehorse, carrying a small weight, has over his rival that bears a larger: modesty, like the weight to which I allude, not suffering its owner to exert its real strength; which effrontery is allowed to do, without let or impediment.

It may be urged, and justly enough, that it is common to be partial to the modest man; and that diffidence makes good amends for any restraint it lays us under, by the prejudice it gives every hearer in our favour. But indeed this can only happen, where it meets with the most ingenuous judges. Otherwise a laugh will carry the day, with which the ignorant side is generally best accommodated.

In order to put these antagonists upon a somewhat more equal footing, I have invented the following instrument; for the sole structure and sale of which, I am not without hopes of procuring a patent. What I mean, is an artificial laugher. There are few so little conversant in toys, but must have seen instruments mechanically framed to counterfeit the voices of different birds. The quail-pipe is brought to such perfection as even to delude the very species. The cuckow has been mimicked with no less accuracy. Would it not then be an easy matter to represent the laugh of this empty tribe, which has in itself something artificial; and is not more affected than it is particular? For the convenience of the person that bears it, its dimensions should be so contrived as that it might be played on in his pocket. Does it not seem feasible, that a laughter of this kind may be brought to answer every purpose of that noise which it resembles? If there be occasion for an expletive, let the owner seek it in his fob; as his antagonist would find his account in a loud oath or an empty pun. If there be need of a good sounding cadence at the close of a common period, it may not be amiss to harmonize a sentence by what may be called a finishing stroke. This instrument is so contrived as to produce all the variety of an human laugh; and this variation is to be regulated, not by the nature of your subject, nor the wit or humour of a repartee, but by the disposition of the company, and the proper minute for such an interlude. But to become a master of the said machine, let the candidate for applause frequent the company of vociferous disputants; among whom he may soon learn how to perform a conversation.

One or two of these instruments I have already finished, though not indeed to the perfection at which I expect they may soon arrive. A gentleman visited me the other day, who has the justest claim that can

be, to the use of them; having nothing in his character that can obscure the greatest merit, but the greatest modesty. I communicated my invention, desiring him to make trial of it, on the first occasion. He did so; and when I saw him next, gave me leave to publish the following account of its efficacy in my next advertisement. The first time I employed it, said my friend, was in a sort of controversy with a beau; who had contrived means, by the use of his snuff-box, to supply both want of language and of thought. In this manner he prolonged his argument; and really to the company which consisted of ladies, discovered more sagacity without thinking, than I could do by its assistance. I bethought myself immediately of your instrument, and had recourse to it. I observed in what part of his discourse he most employed his fingers, and had suddenly recourse to mine with equal emphasis and significancy. The art was not discovered, ere I had routed my antagonist; having seated myself in a dark corner, where my operations were not discernible. I observed, that as he found himself more closely pressed, he grew more and more assiduous in his application to his snuff-box, much as an otter closely pursued is forced to throw up bubbles that show his distress. I therefore discovered gradually less occasion for speaking; and for thinking, none at all. I played only a flourish in answer to the argument at his finger's ends; and after a while found him as mortal in this part as in any other. When his cause was just expiring, after a very long pursuit, and many fruitless turnings and evasions in the course of it, I sounded my instrument, with as much alacrity as a huntsman does his horn on the death of an hare.

The next whom I engaged was a more formidable disputant; and I own, with a sense of gratitude, that your instrument alone could render me a match for him. His strength of argument was his strength of

lungs; and he was, unquestionably, an able antagonist. However, if your machine put me upon a par with him, I think I may say without vanity, that in point of reason, I had the upper hand. I shall only add that as it was habitual for him to answer arguments by vociferation, so it became needless for me to give him any answer of a better kind.

Thus far my friend: I do not question but there will appear artists, that shall undertake to instruct the diffident, the submissive, and the bashful, how to perform the whole gamut of oratorical and risible music: and as there is a kind of humourous laughter, which draws all others into its own vortex, I need not here assert that I would have this branch very much inculcated.

Neither is this instrument of importance in dispute alone, or controversy; but wherever one man's faculties are more prone to laughter than another's. Trifles will burst one man's sides, which will not disturb the features of another; and a laugh one cannot join, is almost as irksome as a lamentation. It is like a peal rung after a wedding; where a whole parish shall be stunned with noise, because they want that occasion to rejoice, which the persons at least imagine to be their lot, that occasioned it. The sounds are pleasing to their ears, who find them conformable to their own ideas; but those who are not in temper, or unconcerned, find them a stupifying repetition.

When therefore my mind is not in tune with another's, what strikes his, will not vibrate on mine. All I then have to do, is to counterfeit a laugh; which is an operation as artificial, as the machine I have been describing.

THE HISTORY OF DON PEDRO ****.

THE actions of our lives, even those we call most important, seem as much subject to trifles, as our very lives themselves. We frame many notable projects in imagination, and promise to ourselves an equal term of life. It is however in the power of the minutest accident, to shorten the one, and disconcert the other. It is with mankind as with certain fire-engines, whose motion may be stopped in the midst of its rapidity, by the interposition of straw in a particular part of them.

The following translation from the original Spanish, will sufficiently illustrate the foregoing assertion. Don Pedro **** was one of the principal grandees of his age and country. He had a genius equal to his birth, and a disposition remarkably contemplative. It was his custom, on this account, to retire from the world at stated periods, and to indulge himself in all the mazes of a fine imagination. It happened as he one day sat in his study, that he fixed his eye on a neighbouring spider. The most trivial object (if any natural object can be termed so) served him frequently for the foundation of some moral and sublime reflection. He surveyed the creature attentively, and indulged the bias of his thought, till he was lost in the excursions of a profound reverie. The curious workmanship of this unregarded animal brought at once into his mind the whole art of fortification. He observed the deficiency of human skill, and that no cunning could have contrived her so proper an habitation. He found that no violence could affect the extremities of her lines, but what was immediately perceptible, and liable to alarm her at the centre. He observed the road by which she sallied forth, served to convey intelligence from without, at the same time that it added strength and stability to the work

within. He was at once surprised and pleased with an object which, although common, he happened not to have beheld in the same light, or with the same attention. From this instant he bent his thoughts upon the advancement of military fortification: and he often would declare it was this trivial incident, that gave him a relish for that study, which he afterwards pursued with such application and success.

He spent in short so much time upon the attainment of this science, that he grew as capable of executing any part of it, as speculation alone could render him. Nothing wanted now, but practice to complete the fame of his abilities. That in short was his next pursuit. He became desirous of experiencing, what had been so successful in imagination, and to make those moral sallies, which had been attended there with victory. To this end he had little to do, but excite the ambition of his young monarch; to enforce, by testimony of his friends, his qualifications for the post he sought; and, on the first delivery of his petition, to obtain preferment from the king.

This happened to be a time of the profoundest tranquillity: little agreeable to a person eager of glory, furnished with skill, and conscious of abilities. Such was this ingenious nobleman. He well knew the ambition of princes, and of his monarch in particular. But he was not acquainted with his own. That imperious and subtle passion is often most predominate when it is least perceived. When it once prevails in any great degree, we and our reason grow subservient, and, instead of checking or contradicting, it stoops to flatter and to authorize it. Instead of undeceiving, she confirms us in our error; and even levels the mounds, and smooths the obstructions, which it is her natural province to interpose. This was the case of Don Pedro. The delicacy of his taste encreased his sensibility; and his sensibili-

ty made him more a slave. The mind of man, like the finer parts of matter, the more delicate it is, naturally admits the more deep and the more visible impressions. The purest spirits are the soonest apt to take flame. Let us therefore be the more candid to him, on account of the vivacity of his passions, seduced, as indeed he was into very unwarrantable schemes.

He had in brief conceived a project, to give his master an universal monarchy. He had calculated every article with the utmost labour and precision, and intended within a few days, to present his project to the king.

Spain was then in a state of affluence; had a large army on foot; together with means and opportunities of raising an immense one. It were impossible to answer for the possible events, that might destroy their hopes of such an enterprize. Difficulty often attends the execution of things the most feasible and well contrived in theory. But whoever was accquainted with the author of this project, knew the posture of affairs in Europe at that time, the ambition of the prince, and the many circumstances that conspired to favour it, might have thought the project would have been agreed to, put in practice, and, without some particular interposition of fortune, been attended with success—But fortune did not put herself to any particular trouble about the matter.

Don Pedro, big with vast designs, was one day walking in his fields. He was promised next morning an audience of the king. He was preparing himself for a conversation, which might prove of so much consequence to all mankind; when walking thoughtfully along, and regardless of his path, his foot happened to stumble and overturn an ants' nest. He cast his eyes upon the ground to see the occasion of his mistake, where he spyed the little animals in the most miserable confusion. He had the delicacy of senti-

ment, to be really sorry for what he had done; and, putting himself in their condition, began to reflect upon the consequence. It might be an age, to them, ere they could recover their tranquillity. He viewed them with a sort of smile, to find the anxiety they underwent for such perishable habitations. Yet he considered that his contempt was only the effect of his own superiority; and that there might be some created beings, to whom his own species must appear as trifling. His remark did not cease here. He considered his future enterprize, with an eye to such a race of beings. He found it must appear to them in a light as disadvantageous, as the ambition, and vainglory of an ant would, to himself. How ridiculous, he said, must this republic appear to me, could I discern its actions, as it has probably many, that are analogous to those of human nature! Suppose them at continual variance about the property of a grain of sand. Suppose one, that had acquired a few sands more to his portion....as also one grain of wheat, and one small particle of barley-flour....should think himself qualified to tyrannize over his equals, and to lord it, uncontrouled. Consider him, on this account, not contented to make use of the numerous legs with which nature has supplied him, borne aloft by a couple of slaves within the hollow of an husk of wheat, five or six others, at the same time, attending solemnly upon the procession. Suppose lastly, that among this people, the prime minister should persuade the rest to levy war upon a neighbouring colony; and this in order to be styled the sovereign of two hillocks, instead of one; while, perhaps, their present condition leaves them nothing to wish besides superfluities. At the same time it is in the power of the most inconsiderable among mankind, nay of any species of animals superior to their own, to destroy at once the minister and people all together: this is doubtless very ridiculous; yet this is doubtless my own case,

n respect to many subordinate beings, and very cer-ainly of the Supreme one. Farewell then, ye air-uilt citadels! farewell, visions of unsolid glory! Don Pedro will seek no honour of so equivocal an cceptation, as to degrade his character to a superi-r species, in proportion as it exalts him before his wn.

See here a just conclusion! in short, he found it so airly drawn, as immediately to drop his project, ;ave the army, and retire: of which whimsical re-ation it may be well enough observed, that a spider ad enslaved the world, had not an ant obstructed is design.

UPON ENVY....TO A FRIEND, R. C.

WHENCE is it, my friend, that I feel it impos-ible to envy you, although, hereafter, your qualifi-ations may make whole millions do so? for, believe ie, when I affirm, that I deem it much more super-uous, to wish you honours to gratify your ambition, ian to wish you ambition enough to make your hon-urs satisfactory.

It seems an hard case that envy should be the con-sequence of merit, at the same time that scorn so aturally attends the want of it. It is however in ome measure perhaps an unavoidable (and perhaps n some sense an useful) passion in all the most he-oic natures; where, refined through certain strain-rs, it takes the name of emulation. It is a pain aris-ng in our breasts, on contemplation of the superior dvantages of another: and its tendency is truly ood, under some certain regulations.

All honour, very evidently, depends upon comparison; and consequently the more numerous are our superiors, the smaller portion of it falls to our share. Considered relatively, we are dwarfs, or giants; though considered absolutely, we are neither. However, the love of this relative grandeur is made a part of our natures; and the use of emulation is to excite our diligence in pursuit of power, for the sake of beneficence. The instances of its perversion are obvious to every one's observation. A vicious mind, instead of its own emolument, studies the debasement of his superior. A person to please one of this cast, must needs divest himself of all useful qualities; and in order to be beloved, discover nothing that is truly amiable. One may very safely fix our esteem on those whom we hear some people depreciate. Merit is to them as uniformly odious, as the sun itself to the birds of darkness. An author, to judge of his own merit, may fix his eye upon this tribe of men; and suffer his satisfaction to arise in due proportion to their discontent. Their disapprobation will sufficiently influence every generous bosom in his favour: and I would as implicitly give my applause to one whom they pull to pieces, as the inhabitants of Pegu worship those, that have been devoured by apes.

It is another perversion of this passion, though of a less enormous nature, when it merely stimulates us to rival others in points of no intrinsic worth. To equal others in the useless parts of learning; to pursue riches for the sake of an equipage as brilliant; to covet an equal knowledge of a table; to vie in jockey-ship, or cunning at a bett. These, and many other rivalships, answer not the genuine purpose of emulation.

I believe the passion is oftentimes derived from a too partial view of our own and others excellencies. We behold a man possessed of some particular ad-

vantage, and we immediately reflect upon its deficiency in ourselves. We wait not to examine what others we have to balance it. We envy another man's bodily accomplishments; when our mental ones might preponderate, would we put them into the scale. Should we ask our own bosoms whether we would change situations altogether, I fancy self-love would, generally, make us prefer our own condition. But if our sentiments remain the same after such an examination, all we can justly endeavour is our own real advancement. To meditate this detriment either in fortune, power, or reputation, at the same time that it is infamous, has often a tendency to depress ourselves. But let us confine our emulation to points of real worth; to riches, power, or knowledge, only that we may rival others in beneficence.

A VISION.

INGENIOUS was the device of those celebrated worthies, who for the more effectual promulgation of their well-grounded maxims, first pretended to divine inspiration. Peace be to their manes; may the turf lie lightly on their breast; and the verdure over their grave be as perpetual as their memories! Well knew they questionless, that a proceeding of this nature must afford an excuse to their modesty, as well as add a weight to their instructions. For, from the beginning of time, if we may believe the histories of the best repute, man has ever found a delight in giving credit to surprising lies. There was indeed a necessary degree of credit, previous to this delight; and there was as necessary a delight, in order to enforce any degree of credit. But so it was, that the

pleasure rose, in proportion to the wonder; and if the love of wonder was but gratified, no matter whether the tale was founded upon a witch or an Egeria; on a rat, a pigeon, the pummel of a sword, a bloated sibyl, or a three-foot stool.

Of all writers that bear any resemblance to these originals, those who approach the nearest, are such, as describe their extraordinary dreams and visions. Of ostentation we may not, peradventure, accuse them, who claim to themselves no other than the merit of spectators. Of want of abilities we must not censure them; when we are given to know that their imagination had no more part in the affair, than a whited wall has, in those various figures, which some crafty artist represents thereon.

The first meditation of a solitary, is the behaviour of men in active life. Hapless species, I cried, how very grossly art thou mistaken! how very supine, while youth permits thee to gain the prize of virtue, by restraint! how very resolute, when thine age leaves nothing to restrain thee! thou givest a loose to thine inclinations, till they lose their very being; and, like a lamp overwhelmed with oil, are extinguished by indulgence. What folly to dream of virtue, when there is no longer room for self-denial; or, when the enemy expires by sickness, to demand the honour of a triumph!....Musing upon this subject, I fell into a profound slumber; and the vision with which it furnished me shall supply mater als for this essay.

I was, methought, transported into a winding valley, on each side of whose area, so far as my eye could see, were held up (in the manner of a picture) all the pleasing objects either of art or nature. Hills rose one beyond another crowned with trees, or adorned with edifices; broken rocks contrasted with lawns, and foaming rivers poured headlong over them; gilded spires enlivened even the sunshine; and lonesome

ruins, by the side of woods, gave a solemnity to the shade. It would be endless, or rather impossible, to give an idea of the vast variety. It seemed, as though people of whatever inclinations might here meet with their favourite object.

While I stood amazed, and even confounded, at so astonishing a landscape; an old man approached towards me, and offered his assistance in alleviating my surprize. You observe, says he, in the middle path, a train of sprightly female pilgrims*, conducted by a matron † of a graver cast. She is habited, as you may observe, in a robe far more plain and simple than that of any amidst her followers. It is her province to restrain her pupils, that the objects glittering on each side may not seduce them to make excursions, from which they scarce ever find their right way again. You may not, perhaps, suspect the gulphs and precipices that lie intermixed amidst a scenery so delightful to the eye. You see, indeed, at a considerable distance, the gilt dome of a temple, raised on columns of the whitest marble. I must inform you, that within this temple resides a lady ‡, weaving wreaths of immortal amaranth for that worthy matron, if she exert her authority; and, as their obedience is more or less entire, she has also garlands of inferior lustre to recompence the ladies in her train.

Your own sagacity, added he, will supply the place of farther instructions; and then vanished in an instant.

The space before me, as it appeared, was crossed by four successive rivers. Over these were thrown as many bridges, and beyond each of these streams the ground seemed to vary its degree of lustre, as much as if it had lain under a different climate. On the side of each of these rivers appeared, as I thought,

* The Passions. † Reason. ‡ Virtue.

a receptacle for travellers; so that the journey seemed to be proportioned into four distinct stages. It is possible that these were meant to represent the periods of a man's life; which may be distinguished by the names of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age.

During the first stage, our travellers proceeded without much disturbance. Their excursions were of no greater extent than to crop a primrose, or a daisy, that grew on the way-side: and in these their governess indulged them. She gave them but few checks, and they afforded her but little occasion. But when they arrived at the second period, the case then was greatly altered. The young ladies grew visibly enamoured of the beauties on each side; and the governess began to feel a consciousness of her duty to restrain them. They petitioned clamourously to make one short excursion, and met with a decent refusal. One of them, that visibly shewed herself the greatest vixen and romp * amongst them, had a thousand arts and stratagems to circumvent her well-meaning governess. I must here mention, what I remarked afterwards, that some of the pupils felt greater attractions in one stage; and some in another. And the scene before them being well variegated with mossy banks and purling streams, frisking lambs and piping shepherds; inspired a longing that was inexpressible, to one that seemed of an amourous complexion. She requested to make a short digression; pointed to the band of shepherds dancing; and, as I observed, presented a glass, through which the matron might distinctly view them. The governess applied the glass, and it was wonderful to trace the change it effected. She, who before had with much constancy opposed the prayers of her petitioner, now began to lean towards her demands; and, as if she herself were not quite indifferent to the

* Love.

scene of pleasure she had beheld, grew remiss in her discipline ; softened the language of dissent ; and with a gentle reprimand, suffered her pupil to elope. After this, however, she winked her eyes ; that she might not at least bear testimony to the step she did not approve. ' When the lady had gratified her curiosity, she returned for the present ; but with an appetite more inflamed, and more impatient to repeat her frolic. The governess appeared uneasy, and to repent of her own compliance ; and reason good she had ; considering the confidence it gave her pupil, and the weight it took from her own authority.

They were not passed far from the second stage of their journey, ere they all determined to rebel, and submit to the tyranny of their leader no longer.

Another now took the lead ; and seizing an embroidered handkerchief, completely hoodwinked the directress. All now was tumult, anarchy, disagreement, and confusion. They led their guide along, blindfold, not without proposals of downright murder. They soon lost sight of the regular path, and strode along with amazing rapidity. I should however, except some few*, who, being of a complexion naturally languid, and thus deprived of their protectress, had neither constancy to keep the road, nor spirit enough to stray far from it. These found the utmost of their inclinations gratified, in treasuring up shells from the banks of the river, scooping fossils from the rocks, or preserving plants that grew in the valley. A moth or butterfly afforded them a chace, and a grub or beetle was a suitable companion. But to return to vagabonds.

The lady that performed the feat of blinding her governess, for a time, bore the chief rule ; and held the rest in a state of servitude†. She seemed to be indeed formed for that power and grandeur, which

* The Virtuoso-passion. † Ambition.

was her delight; being of a stature remarkably tall, with an air of dignity in her countenance. Not but others would sometimes insist upon some temporary gratification. As they shaped their way to a great city, one † would loll and loiter on a bed of roses; another would join the dance of shepherds, and sometimes retire with ‡ one into the covert. A || third would not move a step farther, till she had gathered some ore that was washed from the mountains. When they entered the city, their dissipation was yet more observable. One ||| intoxicated herself with cordials; another ‡‡ went in quest of lace and equipage. The ** lady, however, at this time the most enterprising, and who (as I mentioned before) had given such a turn to their affairs, discovered a strange fondness herself for lawn and ermine, embroidered stars, and golden collars. However difficult it seemed to reach them, or how little necessary soever they seemed to happiness, these alone engaged her attention; and to these alone her hopes aspired. Nay she went so far, as, in failure of these, to resolve on misery and wilful wretchedness.

She at length succeeded, at least so far as to find how little they enhanced her happiness; and her former compeers, having ruined their constitutions, were once again desirous to have their queen reign over them. In short, their loyalty regained the ascendant; insomuch, that with one consent they removed the bandage from her eyes, and vowed to obey her future directions.

She promised to secure them all the happiness that was consistent with their present state; and advised them all to follow her towards the path they had forsaken.

† Indolence. ‡ Gallantry. || Avarice. ||| Ebriety. ‡‡ Pride and Vanity. ** Ambition.

Our travellers, in a little time after this passed over the bridge that introduced them to their closing stage. The subjects, very orderly, repentant, and demissive; the governess, more rigid and imperious than ever. The former, withered, decrepid, languishing; the latter, in greater vigour, and more beautiful than before. Time appeared to produce in her, a very opposite effect, to that it wrought in her companions. She seemed, indeed, no more that easy ductile creature, insulted and borne away by the whims of her companions. She appeared more judicious in the commands she gave, and more rigorous in the execution. In short, both her own activity, and the supine lethargy of those whom she conducted united to make way for her unlimited authority. Now, indeed, a more limited rule might have secured obedience, and maintained a regularity. The ladies were but little struck with the glare of objects on each side the way. One alone I must except, whom I beheld look wishfully, with a retorted eye, towards the golden ore washed down by the torrents. The governess represented, in the strongest terms, that the materials could not be imported into the realms they were about to enter. That, were this even the case, they could be there of no importance. However, she had not extirpated the bias of this craving dame, when they approached the temple to which I formerly alluded.

The temple stood upon a lofty hill, half encircled with trees of never-fading verdure. Between the milk-white columns (which were of the Dorick order, the bases gilt, as also the capitals) a blaze of glory issued, of such superior lustre, that none beside the governess was able to approach it. She, indeed, with a dejected countenance, drew near unto the goddess; who gently waved her hand in the way of salutation.

The matron seemed less dazzled, than delighted with her excessive beauty. She accosted her with reverence, and with much diffidence began to men-

tion their pretension to her favour. " She must own, she had been too remiss in the beginning of her government; she hoped it would be attributed to inexperience in the subtle wiles of her fellow-travellers. She flattered herself, that her severity towards the conclusion of her journey might in some sort make atonement for her misbehaviour in the beginning. Lastly, that she sometimes found it impossible to hear the dictates of the Goddess amid the clamours of her pupils, and the din of their persuasions."

To this the goddess may reply.

" You have heard," said she, " no doubt that the favours I bestow, are by no means consistent with a state of inactivity. The only time when you were allowed an opportunity to deserve them, was the time when your pupils were the most refractory and perverse. The honours you expect in my court are proportioned to the difficulty of a good undertaking. May you, hereafter, partake them, in reward of your more vigorous conduct: for the present, you are little entitled to any recompence from me. As to your pupils, I observe, they have passed sentence upon themselves."

At this instant of time the bell rung for supper, and awaked me: I found the gardener by my side, prepared to plant a parcel of trees; and that I had slumbered away the hours, in which I should have given him suitable directions.

UNCONNECTED THOUGHTS ON GARDENING.

GARDENING may be divided into three species....kitchen-gardening....parterre-gardening.....and landscape, or picturesque-gardening: which latter is the subject intended in the following pages....It consists in pleasing the imagination by scenes of grandeur, beauty, or variety. Convenience merely has no share here, any farther than as it pleases the imagination.

Perhaps the division of the pleasures of imagination, according as they are struck by the great, the various, and the beautiful, may be accurate enough for my present purpose: why each of them affects us with pleasure may be traced in other authors. See Burke, Hutchinson, Gerard, the theory of agreeable sensations, &c *.

There seems however to be some objects, which afford a pleasure not reducible to either of the foregoing heads. A ruin, for instance, may be neither new to us, nor majestic, nor beautiful, yet afford that pleasing melancholy which proceeds from a reflection on decayed magnificence. For this reason, an able gardener should avail himself of objects, perhaps, not very striking; if they serve to connect ideas, that convey reflections of the pleasing kind.

Objects should indeed be less calculated to strike the immediate eye, than the judgment or well-formed imagination; as in painting.

It is no objection to the pleasure of novelty, that it makes an ugly object more disagreeable. It is enough that it produces a superiority betwixt things

* Garden-scenes may perhaps be divided into the sublime, the beautiful, and the melancholy or pensive; to which last I know not but we may assign a middle place betwixt the former two, as being in some sort composed of both. See *Burke's Sublime.*

in other respects equal. It seems, on some occasions, to go even farther. Are there not broken rocks and rugged grounds, to which we can hardly attribute either beauty or grandeur; and yet when introduced near an extent of lawn, imparta pleasure equal to more shapely scenes? Thus a series of lawn, though ever so beautiful, may satiate and cloy, unless the eye passes to them from wilder scenes; and then they acquire the grace of novelty.

Variety appears to me to derive good part of its effect from novelty; as the eye, passing from one form or colour, to a form or colour of a different kind, finds a degree of novelty in its present object, which affords immediate satisfaction.

Variety however, in some instances, may be carried to such excess as to lose its whole effect. I have observed ceilings so crammed with stucco-ornaments; that, although of the most different kinds, they have produced an uniformity. A sufficient quantity of undecorated space is necessary to exhibit such decorations to advantage.

Ground should first be considered with an eye to its peculiar character: whether it be the grand, the savage, the melancholy, the horrid, or the beautiful. As one or other of these characters prevail, one may somewhat strengthen its effect, by allowing every part some denomination, and then supporting its title by suitable appendages....For instance, The lover's walk may have assignation seats, with proper mottoes.....urns to faithful lovers.....trophies, garlands, &c. by means of art.

What an advantage must some Italian seats derive from the circumstance of being situated on ground mentioned in the classics? And, even in England, wherever a park or garden happens to have been the scene of any event in history, one would surely avail one's self of that circumstance, to make it more in-

teresting to the imagination. Mottoes should allude to it, columns, &c. record it; verses moralize upon it; and curiosity receive its share of pleasure.

In designing a house and gardens, it is happy when there is an opportunity of maintaining a subordination of parts; the house so luckily placed as to exhibit a view of the whole design. I have sometimes thought that there was room for it to resemble an epic or dramatic poem. It is rather to be wished than required, that the more striking scenes may succeed those which are less so.

Taste depends much upon temper. Some prefer Tibullus to Virgil, and Virgil to Homer.....Hagley to Persfield, and Persfield to the Welsh mountains. This occasions the different preferences that are given to situations....A garden strikes us most, where the grand and the pleasing succeed, not intermingle with, each other.

I believe, however, the sublime has generally a deeper effect than the merely beautiful.

I use the words landscape and prospect, the former as expressive of home scenes, the latter of distant images. Prospects should take in the blue distant hills; but never so remotely, that they be not distinguishable from clouds. Yet this mere extent is what the vulgar value.

Landscape should contain variety enough to form a picture upon canvas; and this is no bad test, as I think the landscape painter is the gardener's best designer. The eye requires a sort of balance here; but not so as to encroach upon probable nature. A wood, or hill, may balance a house or obelisk; for exactness would be displeasing. We form our notions from what we have seen; and though, could we comprehend the universe, we might perhaps find it uniformly regular; yet the portions that we see of it, habituate our fancy to the contrary.

The eye should always look rather down upon water: customary nature makes this requisite. I know nothing more sensibly displeasing than Mr. T.....'s flat ground betwix his terrace and his water.

It is not easy to account for the fondness of former times for straight-lined avenues to their houses; straight-lined walks through their woods; and, in short, every kind of straight-line; where the foot is to travel over, what the eye has done before. This circumstance, is one objection. Another, somewhat of the same kind, is the repetition of the same object, tree after tree, for a length of way together. A third is, that this identity is purchased by the loss of that variety, which the natural country supplies every where, in a greater or less degree. To stand still and survey such avenues, may afford some slender satisfaction, through the change derived some perspective; but to move on continually and find no change of scene in the least attendant on our change of place, must give actual pain to a person of taste. For such an one to be condemned to pass along the famous vista* from Moscow to Petersburg, or that other from Arga to Lahor in India, must be as disagreeable a sentence, as to be condemned to labour at the gallies. I conceived some idea of the sensation he must feel, from walking but a few minutes, immured, betwixt Lord D.....'s high-shorn yew-hedges; which run exactly parallel, at the distance of about ten feet; and are contrived perfectly to exclude all kind of objects whatsoever.

When a building, or other object, has been once viewed from its proper point, the foot should never travel to it by the same path, which the eye has travelled over before. Lose the object, and draw nigh, obliquely.

* In Montesquieu, on Taste.

The side-trees in vistas should be so circumstanced as to afford a probability that they grew by nature.

Ruinated structures appear to derive their power of pleasing, from the irregularity of surface, which is variety ; and the latitude they afford the imagination to conceive an enlargement of their dimensions, or to recollect any events or circumstances appertaining to their pristine grandeur, so far as concerns grandeur and solemnity. The breaks in them should be as bold and abrupt as possible.....If mere beauty be aimed at (which however is not their chief excellence) the waving line, with more easy transitions, will become of greater importance....Events relating to them may be simulated by numberless little artifices ; but it is ever to be remembered, that high hills and sudden descents are most suitable to castles ; and fertile vales, near wood and water, most imitative of the usual situation for abbeys and religious houses ; large oaks, in particular, are essential to these latter ;

> " Whose branching arms, and reverend height,
> " Admit a dim religious light."

A cottage is a pleasing object, partly on account of the variety it may introduce ; on account of the tranquillity that seems to reign there ; and perhaps (I am somewhat afraid) on account of the pride of human nature :

> " Longi alterius spectare laborem."

In a scene presented to the eye, objects should never lie so much to the right or left, as to give it any uneasiness in the examination. Sometimes, however, it may be better to admit valuable objects even with this disadvantage. They should else never be seen beyond a certain angle. The eye must be easy, before it can be pleased.

No mere slope from one side to the other can be agreeable ground: The eye requires a balance....i. e. a degree of uniformity: but this may be otherwise effected, and the rule should be understood with some limitation.

"....Each alley has its brother,
"And half the plat-form just reflects the other."

Let us examine what may be said in favour of that regularity which Mr. Pope exposes. Might he not seemingly as well object to the disposition of an human face, because it has an eye or cheek, that is the very picture of its companion? Or does not providence, who has observed this regularity in the external structure of our bodies and disregarded it within, seem to consider it as a beauty? The arms, the limbs, and the several parts of them correspond, but it is not the same case with the thorax and the abdomen. I believe one is generally solicitous for a kind of balance in a landscape; and, if I am not mistaken, the painters generally furnish one: a building for instance on one side, contrasted by a group of trees, a large oak, or a rising hill on the other. Whence then does this taste proceed, but from the love we bear to regularity in perfection? After all, in regard to gardens, the shape of ground, the disposition of trees, and the figure of water, must be sacred to nature; and no forms must be allowed that make a discovery of art.

All trees have a character analogous to that of men: oaks are in all respects the perfect image of the manly character: in former times I should have said, and in present times I think I am authorized to say, the British one. As a brave man is not suddenly either elated by prosperity or depressed by adversity, so the oak displays not its verdure on the sun's first approach; nor drops it, on his first departure. Add

to this its majestic appearance, the rough grandeur of its bark, and the wide protection of its branches.

A large, branching, aged oak, is perhaps the most venerable of all inanimate objects.

Urns are more solemn, if large and plain; more beautiful if less and ornamented. Solemnity is perhaps their point, and the situation of them should still co-operate with it.

By the way, I wonder that lead statues are not more in vogue in our modern gardens. Though they may not express the finer lines of a human body, yet they seem perfectly well calculated, on account of their duration, to embellish landscapes, were they some degrees inferior to what we generally behold. A statue in a room challenges examination, and is to be examined critically as a statue. A statue in a garden is to be considered as one part of a scene or landscape; the minuter touches are no more essential to it, than a good landscape painter would esteem them were he to represent a statue in his picture.

Apparent art, in its proper province, is almost as important as apparent nature. They contrast agreeably; but their provinces ever should be kept distinct.

Some artificial beauties are so dextrously managed, that one cannot but conceive them natural; some natural ones so extremely fortunate, that one is ready to swear they are artificial.

Concerning scenes, the more uncommon they appear, the better, provided they form a picture, and include nothing that pretends to be of nature's production, and is not. The shape of ground, the site of trees, and the fall of water, nature's province. Whatever thwarts her is treason.

On the other hand, buildings and the works of art need have no other reference to nature than that they afford the συστημον with which the human mind is delighted.

Art should never be allowed to set a foot in the province of nature, otherwise than clandestinely and by night. Whenever she is allowed to appear here, and men begin to compromise the difference....night, gothicism, confusion, and absolute chaos, are come again.

To see one's urns, obelisks, and waterfalls laid open; the nakedness of our beloved mistresses, the Naiads and the Dryads, exposed by that ruffian Winter to universal observation; is a severity scarcely to be supported by the help of blazing hearths, cheerful companions, and a bottle of the most grateful burgundy.

The works of a person that builds, begin immediately to decay; while those of him who plants begin directly to improve. In this, planting promises a more lasting pleasure, than building; which, were it to remain in equal perfection, would at best begin to moulder and want repairs in imagination. Now trees have a circumstance that suits our taste, and that is annual variety. It is inconvenient indeed, if they cause our love of life to take root and flourish with them; whereas the very sameness of our structures will, without the help of dilapidation, serve to wean us from our attachment to them.

It is a custom in some countries to condemn the characters of those (after death) that have neither planted a tree, nor begot a child.

The taste of the citizen and of the mere peasant are in all respects the same. The former gilds his balls; paints his stone work and statues white; plants his trees in lines or circles; cuts his yew-trees four-square or conic; or gives them, what he can, of the resemblance of birds, or bears, or men; squirts up his rivulets in jetteaus; in short admires no part of nature, but her ductility; exhibits every thing that is glaring, that implies expence, or that effects surprize because it is unnatural. The peasant is his admirer.

It is always to be remembered in gardening, that sublimity or magnificence, and beauty or variety, are very different things. Every scene we see in nature is either tame and insipid; or compounded of those. It often happens that the same ground may receive from art, either certain degrees of sublimity and magnificence, or certain degrees of variety and beauty; or a mixture of each kind. In this case it remains to be considered in which light they can be rendered most remarkable, whether as objects of beauty or magnificence. Even the temper of the proprietor should not perhaps be wholly disregarded: for certain complexions of soul will prefer an orange tree or a myrtle, to an oak or cedar. However, this should not induce a gardener to parcel out a lawn into knots of shrubbery; or invest a mountain with a garb of roses. This would be like dressing a giant in a sarsenet gown, or a Saracen's head in a Brussel's night-cap. Indeed the small and circular clumps of firs, which I see planted upon some fine large swells, put me often in mind of a coronet placed on an elephant or camel's back. I say, a gardener should not do this, any more than a poet should attempt to write of the king of Prussia in the style of Philips. On the other side, what would become of Lesbia's sparrow, should it be treated in the same language with the anger of Achilles?

Gardeners may be divided into three sorts, the landscape gardener, the parterre gardener, and the kitchen gardener, agreeably to our first division of gardens.

I have used the word landscape-gardeners; because, in pursuance of our present taste in gardening, every good painter of landscape appears to me the most proper designer. The misfortune of it is, that these painters are apt to regard the execution of their work, much more than the choice of subject.

The art of distancing and approximating, comes truly within their sphere: the former by the gradual diminution of distinctness, and of size: the latter by the reverse. A straight-lined avenue that is widened in front, and planted there with yew trees, then firs, then with trees more and more fady, till they end in the almond-willow, or silver osier; will produce a very remarkable deception of the former kind; which deception will be encreased, if the nearer dark trees are proportionable and truly larger than those at the end of the avenue that are more fady.

To distance a building, plant as near as you can to it, two or three circles of different coloured greens ....Ever-greens are best for all such purposes....Suppose the outer one of holly, and the next of laurel, &c. The consequence will be that the imagination immediately allows a space betwixt these circles, and another betwixt the house and them; and as the imagined space is determinate, if your building be dim-coloured, it will not appear inconsiderable. The imagination is a greater magnifier than a microscope glass. And on this head, I have known some instances, where, by shewing intermediate ground, the distance has appeared less, than while an hedge or grove concealed it.

Hedges, appearing as such, are universally bad. They discover art in nature's province.

Trees in hedges partake of their artificiality, and become a part of them. There is no more sudden and obvious improvement, than an hedge removed, and the trees remaining; yet not in such manner as to mark out the former hedge.

Water should ever appear, as an irregular lake, or winding stream.

Islands give beauty, if the water be adequate; but lessen grandeur through variety.

It was the wise remark of some sagacious observer, that familiarity is for the most part productive of con-

tempt. Graceless offspring of so amiable a parent! Unfortunate beings that we are, whose enjoyments must be either checked, or prove destructive of themselves. Our passions are permitted to sip a little pleasure; but are extinguished by indulgence, like a lamp overwhelmed with oil. Hence we neglect the beauty with which we have been intimate; nor would any addition it could receive, prove any equivalent for the advantage it derived from the first impression. Thus, negligent of graces that have the merit of reality, we too often prefer imaginary ones that have only the charm of novelty: and hence we may account, in general for the preference of art to nature, in old-fashioned gardens.

Art, indeed, is often requisite to collect and epitomize the beauties of nature; but should never be suffered to set her mark upon them; I mean, in regard to those articles that are of nature's province; the shaping of ground, the planting of trees, and the disposition of lakes and rivulets. Many more particulars will soon occur, which, however, she is allowed to regulate, somewhat clandestinely, upon the following account....Man is not capable of comprehending the universe at one survey. Had he faculties equal to this, he might well be censured for any minute regulations of his own. It were the same, as if, in his present situation, he strove to find amusement in contriving the fabric of an ant's nest, or the partitions of a bee-hive. But we are placed in the corner of a sphere; endued neither with organs, nor allowed a station, proper to give us an universal view, or to exhibit to us the variety, the orderly proportions, and dispositions of the system. We perceive many breaks and blemishes, several neglected and unvariegated placed in the part; which, in the whole, would appear either imperceptible, or beautiful. And we might as rationally expect a snail to be satisfied with the beauty of our parterres, slopes, and terraces....or an ant

to prefer our buildings to her own orderly range of granaries, as that man should be satisfied, without a single thought that he can improve the spot that falls to his share. But, though art be necessary for collecting nature's beauties, by what reason is she authorized to thwart and to oppose her? Why fantastically endeavour to humanize those vegetables, of which nature, discreet nature thought it proper to make trees? Why endow the vegetable bird with wings, which nature has made momentarily dependant upon the soil? Here art seems very affectedly to make a display of that industry, which it is her glory to conceal. The stone which represents an asterisk, is valued only on account of its natural production: Nor do we view with pleasure the laboured carvings and futile diligence of gothic artists. We view with much more satisfaction some plain Grecian fabric, where art, indeed, has been equally, but less visibly, industrious. It is thus we, indeed, admire the shining texture of the silkworm; but we loath the puny author when she thinks proper to emerge; and to disgust us with the appearance of so vile a grub.

But this is merely true in regard to the particulars of nature's province; wherein art can only appear as the most abject vassal, and had, therefore, better not appear at all. The case is different where she has the direction of buildings, useful or ornamental; or perhaps, claims as much honour from temples, as the deities to whom they are inscribed. Here then it is his interest to be seen as much as possible: and, though nature appear doubly beautiful by the contrast her structures furnish, it is not easy for her to confer a benefit which nature, on her side will not repay.

A rural scene to me is never perfect without the addition of some kind of building: indeed I have known a scar of rock-work, in great measure, supply he deficiency.

In gardening, it is no small point to enforce either grandeur or beauty by surprize; for instance, by abrupt transition from their contraries....but to lay a stress upon surprize only; for example, on the surprize occasioned by an aha! without including any nobler purpose; is a symptom of bad taste, and a violent fondness for mere concetto.

Grandeur and beauty are so very opposite, that you often diminish the one as you encrease the other. Variety is most a-kin to the latter, simplicity to the former.

Suppose a large hill varied, by art, with large patches of different-coloured clumps, scars of rock, chalk-quarries, villages, or farm-houses; you will have, perhaps, a more beautiful scene, but much less grand than it was before.

In many instances, it is most eligible to compound your scene of beauty and grandeur....Suppose a magnificent swell arising out of a well-variegated valley; it would be disadvantageous to encrease its beauty, by means destructive to its magnificence.

There may possibly, but there seldom happens to be any occasion to fill up valleys, with trees or otherwise. It is for the most part the gardener's business to remove trees, or aught that fills up the low ground; and to give, as far as nature allows, an artificial eminence to the high.

The hedge-row apple-trees in Herefordshire afford a most beautiful scenery, at the time they are in blossom: but the prospect would be really grander, did it consist of simple foliage. For the same reason, a large oak (or beech) in autumn, is a grander object than the same in spring. The sprightly green is then obfuscated.

Smoothness and easy transitions are no small ingredient in the beautiful; abrupt and rectangular breaks have more of the nature of the sublime. Thus

a tapering spire is, perhaps, a more beautiful object than a tower, which is grander.

Many of the different opinions relating to the preference to be given to seats, villas, &c. are owing to want of distinction betwixt the beautiful and the magnificent. Both the former and the latter please; but there are imaginations particularly adapted to the one, and to the other.

Mr. Addison thought an open uninclosed champain country, formed the best landscape. Somewhat here is to be considered. Large, unvariegated, simple objects have the best pretensions to sublimity; a large mountain, whose sides are unvaried with objects, is grander than one with infinite variety: but then its beauty is proportionably less.

However, I think a plain face near the eye gives it a kind of liberty it loves: and then the picture, whether you chuse the grand or beautiful, should be held up at its proper distance. Variety is the principal ingredient in beauty; and simplicity is essential to grandeur.

Offensive objects, at a proper distance, acquire even a degree of beauty: for instance, stubble fallow ground.....

ON POLITICS.

PERHAPS men of the most different sects and parties very frequently think the same; only vary in their phrase and language. At least, if one examines their first principles, which very often coincide, it were a point of prudence, as well as candour, to consider the rest as nothing more.

A courtier's dependant is a beggar's dog.

If national reflections are unjust, because there are good men in all nations, are not national wars upon much the same footing?

A government is inexcusable for employing foolish ministers; because they may examine a man's head, though they cannot his heart.

I fancy, the proper means of encreasing the love we bear our native country, is to reside some time in a foreign one.

The love of popularity seems little else than the love of being beloved; and is only blameable when a person aims at the affections of a people by means in appearance honest, but in their end pernicious and destructive.

There ought no doubt, to be heroes in society as well as butchers; and who knows but the necessity of butchers (inflaming and stimulating the passions with animal food) might at first occasion the necessity of heroes. Butchers, I believe, were prior.

The whole mystery of a courtly behaviour seems included in the power of making general favours appear particular ones.

A man of remarkable genius may afford to pass by a piece of wit, if it happen to border on abuse. A little genius is obliged to catch at every witticism indiscriminately.

Indolence is a kind of centripetal force.

It seems idle to rail at ambition merely because it is a boundless passion; or rather is not this circumstance an argument in its favour? If one would be employed or amused through life, should we not make choice of a passion that will keep one long in play?

A sportsman of vivacity will make choice of that game which will prolong his diversion: a fox, that will support the chace till night, is better game than a rabbit, that will not afford him half an hour's entertainment. E.

The submission of Prince Hal to the civil magistrate that committed him, was more to his honour than all the conquests of Henry the Fifth in France.

The most animated social pleasure, that I can conceive, may be, perhaps, felt by a general after a successful engagement, or in it: I mean by such commanders as have souls equal to their occupation. This, however, seems paradoxical, and requires some explanation.

Resistance to the reigning powers is justifiable, upon a conviction that their government is inconsistent with the good of the subject; that our interposition tends to establish better measures; and this without a probability of occasioning evils that may overbalance them. But these considerations must never be separated.

People are, perhaps, more vicious in towns, because they have fewer natural objects there, to employ their attention....or admiration: likewise because one vicious character tends to encourage and keep another in countenance. However it be, excluding accidental circumstances, I believe the largest cities are the most vicious of all others.

Laws are generally found to be nets of such a texture, as the little creep through, the great break through, and the middle size are alone entangled in.

Though I have no sort of inclination to
the late rebellion, yet I am led by candour
some distinction between the immorality of
ors, and the illegality of their offences.
Hardwick, in his condemnation-speech, rem
great propriety, that the laws of all nations
judged rebellion to be the worst of crimes.
regard to civil societies, I believe there are
madness will dispute it. But surely with r
conscience, erroneous judgments and ill-g
convictions may render it some people's du
does not consist in any deviation from recei
ion; it does not depend upon the understan
the will. Now, if it appear that a man's opi
happened to misplace his duty; and this opi
not been owing to any vicious desire of i
his appetites....In short, if his own reason,
err, have biased his will; rather than his
way contributed to bias and deprave his rea
will, perhaps, appear guilty before none, b
earthly tribunal.

A person's right to resist, depends upo
tion, that the government is ill-managed; th
have more claim to manage it, or will ad
better: that he, by this resistance, c
change to its advantage, and this w
quential evils that will bear pro
vantage.

Whether this were not
Balmerino, I will not pr
ed, or from what delus
he was reputed an hon
may guess his behav
representations o
perverseness, c

If a person
it should be th
be his party.

EGOTISMS....FROM MY OWN SENSATIONS.

I.

I HATE maritime expressions, smiles, and allusions; my dislike, I suppose, proceeds from the unnaturalness of shipping, and the great share which art ever claims in that practice.

II.

I am thankful that my name is obnoxious to no pun.

III.

May I always have an heart superior, with economy suitable, to my fortune!

country as I walk along; but I insensibly chuse to sit where I cannot see two yards before me.

VII.

I begin too soon in life, to slight the world more than is consistent with making a figure in it. The "non est tanti" of Ovid grows upon me so fast that in a few years I shall have no passion.

VIII.

I am obliged to the person that speaks me fair to my face. I am only more obliged to the man who speaks well of me in my absence also. Should I be asked whether I chose to have a person speak well of me when absent or present, I should answer the latter; for were all men to do so, the former would be insignificant.

IX.

I feel an avarice of social pleasure, which produces only mortification. I never see a town or city in a map, but I figure to myself many agreeable persons in it, with whom I could wish to be acquainted.

X.

It is a miserable thing to be sensible of the value of one's time, and yet restrained by circumstances from making a proper use of it. One feels one's self somewhat in the situation of Admiral Hosier.

XI.

It is a miserable thing to love where one hates; and yet it is not inconsistent.

XII.

The modern world considers it as a part of politeness, to drop the mention of kindred in all addresses

to relations. There is no doubt, that it puts our approbation and esteem upon a less partial footing. I think, where I value a friend, I would not suffer my relation to be obliterated even to the twentieth generation: it serves to connect us closer. Wherever I disesteemed, I would abdicate my first-cousin.

XIII.

Circumlocutory, philosophical obscenity appears to me the most nauseous of all stuff: shall I say it takes away the spirit from it, and leaves you nothing but a caput mortuum? or shall I say rather it is a Sir....e in an envelope of fine gilt paper, which only raises expectation? Could any be allowed to talk obscenely with a grace, it were downright country fellows, who use an unaffected language: but even among these, as they grow old, it partakes again of affectation.

XIV.

It is some loss of liberty to resolve on schemes before-hand.

XV.

There are a sort of people to whom one would allot good wishes and perform good offices: but they are sometimes those, with whom one would by no means share one's time.

XVI.

I would have all men elevated to as great an height, as they can discover a lustre to the naked eye.

XVII.

I am surely more inclined (of the two) to pretend a false disdain, than an unreal esteem.

XVIII.

Yet why repine? I have seen mansions on the verge of Wales that convert my farm-house into an Hamptoncourt, and where they speak of a glazed window as a great piece of magnificence. All things figure by comparison.

XIX.

I do not so much want to avoid being cheated, as to afford the expence of being so: the generality of mankind being seldom in good humour but whilst they are imposing upon you in some shape or other.

XX.

I cannot avoid comparing the ease and freedom I enjoy, to the ease of an old shoe; where a certain degree of shabbiness is joined with the convenience.

XXI.

Not Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, nor even the Chinese language, seems half so difficult to me as the language of refusal.

XXII.

I actually dreamt that somebody told me I must not print my pieces separate. That certain stars would, if single, be hardly conspicuous, which, united in a narrow compass, form a very splendid constellation.

XXIII.

The ways of ballad-singers, and the cries of half-penny-pamphlets, appeared so extremely humourous, from my lodgings in Fleet-street, that it gave me pain to observe them without a companion to partake. For alas! laughter is by no means a solitary enter*tainment.*

XXIV.

Had I a fortune of eight or ten thousand pounds a year, I would methinks make myself a neighbourhood. I would first build a village with a church, and people it with inhabitants of some branch of trade that was suitable to the country round. I would then, at proper distances, erect a number of genteel boxes of about a thousand pounds a piece, and amuse myself with giving them all the advantages they could receive from taste. These would I people with a select number of well-chosen friends, assigning to each annually the sum of two hundred pounds for life. The salary should be irrevocable, in order to give them independency. The house, of a more precarious tenure, that, in cases of ingratitude, I might introduce another inhabitant....How plausible however this may appear in speculation, perhaps a very natural and lively novel might be founded upon the inconvenient consequences of it, when put in execution.

XXV.

I think, I have observed universally that the quarrels of friends in the latter part of life, are never truly reconciled. "Male sarta gratia necquicquam coit, et rescinditur." A wound in the friendship of young persons, as, in the bark of young trees, may be so grown over, as to leave no scar. The case is very different in regard to old persons and old timber. The reason of this may be accountable from the decline of the social passions, and the prevalence of spleen, suspicion, and rancour, towards the latter part of life.

XXVI.

There is nothing, to me, more irksome than to hear weak and servile people repeat with admiration

every silly speech that falls from a mere p
rank and fortune. It is, " crambe bis cocta
nonsense grows more nauseous through the
of their admiration, and shews the venality c
tempers, which can consider fortune as the
of wit.

XXVII

What pleasure it is to pay ones debts ! I
ber to have heard Sir T. Lyttleton make tl
observation. It seems to flow from a combi
circumstances, each of which is productive
sure. In the first place, it removes that un
which a true spirit feels from dependence an
tion. It affords pleasure to the creditor, ar
fore gratifies our social affection : it promote
ture confidence, which is so very interestin
honest mind : it opens a prospect of being
supplied with what we want on future occas
leaves a consciousness of our own virtue ; ar
measure we know to be right, both in point c
and of sound economy. Finally, it is a main
of simple reputation.

XXVII.

It is a maxim with me (and I would rec
it to others also, upon the score of prudence
ever I lose a person's friendship, who gener
mences enemy, to engage a fresh friend in h
And this may be best effected by bringing o
of one's enemies ; by which means one is
having the same number of friends at least,
enemy the less. Such a method of proceedin
I think, be as regularly observed, as the dis
of vacant ribbons, upon the death of knigh
garter.

XXIX.

It has been a maxim with me to admit of an easy reconciliation with a person, whose offence proceeded from no depravity of heart: but where I was convinced it did so, to forego, for my own sake, all opportunities of revenge: to forget the persons of my enemies as much as I was able, and to call to remembrance, in their place, the more pleasing idea of my friends. I am convinced that I have derived no small share of happiness from this principle.

I have been formerly so silly as to hope, that, every servant I had might be made a friend: I am now convinced that the nature of servitude generally bears a contrary tendency. Peoples characters are to be chiefly collected from their education and place in life: birth itself does but little. Kings in general are born with the same propensities as other men: but yet it is probable, that from the licence and flattery that attends their education, that they will be more haughty, more luxurious, and more subjected to their passions, than any men beside. I question not but there are many attorneys born with open and honest hearts: but I know not one, that has had the least practice, who is not selfish, trickish, and disingenuous. So it is the nature of servitude to discard all generous motives of obedience; and to point out no other than those scoundrel ones of interest and fear. There are however some exceptions to this rule, which I know by my own experience.

ON DRESS.

DRESS, like writing, should never appear the effect of too much study and application. On this account, I have seen parts of dress, in themselves extremely beautiful, which at the same time subject the wearer to the character of foppishness and affectation.

II.

A man's dress in the former part of life should rather tend to set off his person, than to express riches, rank or dignity: in the latter the reverse.

III.

Extreme elegance in liveries, I mean such as is expressed by the more languid colours, is altogether absurd. They ought to be rather gawdy than genteel; if for no other reason, yet for this, that elegance may more strongly distinguish the appearance of the gentleman.

IV.

It is a point out of doubt with me, that the ladies are most properly the judges of the men's dress, and the men of that of the ladies.

V.

I think, till thirty, or with some a little longer, people should dress in a way that is most likely to procure the love of the opposite sex.

VI.

There are many modes of dress, which the world esteems handsome, which are by no means calculated to shew the human figure to advantage.

VII.

Love can be founded upon nature only; or the appearance of it....For this reason, however a peruke may tend to soften the human features, it can very seldom make amends for the mixture of artifice which it discovers.

VIII.

A rich dress adds but little to the beauty of a person. It may possibly create a deference, but that is rather an enemy to love:

"Non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur
"Majestas & amor." OVID.

IX.

Simplicity can scarce be carried too far: provided it be not so singular as to excite a degree of ridicule. The same caution may be requisite in regard to the value of your dress: though splendor be not necessary, you must remove all appearance of poverty: the ladies being rarely enough sagacious to acknowledge beauty through the disguise of poverty. Indeed, I believe sometimes they mistake grandeur of dress, for beauty of person.

X.

A person's manner is never easy, whilst he feels a consciousness that he is fine. The country-fellow, considered in some lights, appears genteel; but it is not when he is dressed on Sundays, with a large nosegay in his bosom. It is when he is reaping, making hay, or when he is hedging in his hurden frock. It is then he acts with ease, and thinks himself equal to his apparel.

XI.

When a man has run all lengths himself with regard to dress, there is but one means remaining, which can add to his appearance. And this consists in having recourse to the utmost plainness of his own apparel, and at the same time richly garnishing his footman or his horse. Let the servant appear as fine as ever you please, the world must always consider the master as his superior. And this is that peculiar excellence so much admired in the best painters as well as poets; Raphael as well as Virgil: where somewhat is left to be supplied by the spectator's and reader's imagination.

XII.

Methinks, apparel should be rich in the same proportion as it is gay: it otherwise carries the appearance of somewhat unsubstantial: in other words, of a greater desire than ability to make a figure.

XIII.

Persons are oftentimes misled in regard to their choice of dress, by attending to the beauty of colours, rather than selecting such colours as may encrease their own beauty.

XIV.

I cannot see why a person should be esteemed haughty, on account of his taste for fine cloaths, any more than one who discovers a fondness for birds, flowers, moths, or butterflies. Imagination influence both to seek amusement in glowing colours; only the former endeavours to give them a nearer relation to himself. It appears to me, that a person may love splendor without any degree of pride; which is never connected with this taste but when a person demands homage on account of the finery he

exhibits. Then it ceases to be taste, and commences mere ambition. Yet the world is not enough candid to make this essential distinction.

XV.

The first instance an officer gives you of his courage, consists in wearing cloaths infinitely superior to his rank.

XVI.

Men of quality never appear more amiable than when their dress is plain. Their birth, rank, title, and its appendages, are at best invidious; and as they do not need the assistance of dress, so, by their disclaiming the advantage of it, they make their superiority sit more easy. It is otherwise with such as depend alone on personal merit; and it was from hence, I presume, that Quin asserted he could not afford to go plain.

XVII.

There are certain shapes and physiognomies, of so entirely vulgar a cast, that they could scarce win respect even in the country, though they were embellished with a dress as tawdry as a pulpit-cloth.

XVIII.

A large retinue upon a small income, like a large cascade upon a small stream, tends to discover its tenuity.

XIX.

Why are perfumes so much decryed? When a person on his approach diffuses them, does he not revive the idea which the ancients ever entertained concerning the descent of superior beings, "veiled in a cloud of fragrance?"

XX.

The lowest people are generally the first to find fault with shew or equipage; especially that of a person lately emerged from his obscurity. They never once consider that he is breaking the ice for themselves.

ON WRITING AND BOOKS.

I.

FINE writing is generally the effect of spontaneous thoughts and a laboured style.

II.

Long sentences in a short composition are like large rooms in a little house.

III.

The world may be divided into people that read, people that write, people that think, and fox-hunters.

IV.

Instead of whining complaints concerning the imagined cruelty of their mistresses, if poets would address the same to their muse, they would act more agreeably to nature and to truth.

V.

Superficial writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves deep, when they are exceeding near the surface.

VI.

" Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
" Viribus".....

Authors often fail by printing their works on a demi-royal, that should have appeared on ballad-paper, to make their performance appear laudable.

VII.

There is no word in the Latin language, that signifies a female friend. " Amica" means a mistress: and perhaps there is no friendship betwixt the sexes wholly disunited from a degree of love.

VIII.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over modern ones, seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in the natural manner; in word and phrase, simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers but affectation, witticism, and conceit?

IX.

One can, now and then, reach an author's head when he stoops; and, induced by this circumstance, aspire to measure height with him.

X.

The national opinion of a book or treatise is not always right...." est ubi peccat."....Milton's Paradise Lost is one instance. I mean, the cold reception it met with at first.

XI.

Perhaps, an acquaintance with men of genius is rather reputable than satisfactory. It is as unaccountable, as it is certain, that fancy heightens sensibili-

ty; sensibility strengthens passion; and passion makes people humourists.

Yet a person of genius is often expected to shew more discretion than another man; and this on account of that very vivacity, which is his greatest impediment. This happens for want of distinguishing betwixt the fanciful talents and the dry mathematical operations of the judgment, each of which indiscriminately give the denomination of a man of genius.

XII.

An actor never gained a reputation by acting a bad play, nor a musician by playing on a bad instrument.

XIII.

Poets seem to have fame, in lieu of most temporal advantages. They are too little formed for business, to be respected: too often feared or envied, to be beloved.

XIV.

Tully ever seemed an instance to me, how far a man devoid of courage, may be a spirited writer.

XV.

One would rather be a stump of laurel than the stump of a church-yard yew-tree.

XVI.

"Degere more feræ." Virg. Vanbrugh seems to have had this of Virgil in his eye, when he introduces Miss Hoyden envying the liberty of a greyhound bitch.

XVII.

There is a certain flimziness of poetry, which *seems expedient* in a song.

XVIII.

as well as Desdemona*, seems to have ıighty admirer of strange atchievements :

" Heu ! quibus ille
[actatus fatis ! quæ bella exhausta canebat !
3i mihi non," &c.

y shew that Virgil, Shakspeare, and Shaftes- ·eed in the same opinion.

XIX.

ıften observed of wits, that they will lose ɜt friend for the sake of a joke. Candour cover, that it is their greater degree of the ame, not the less degree of their benevolence, ı the cause.

XX.

e in high or in distinguished life ought to ;reater circumspection in regard to their most :tions. For instance, I saw Mr. Pope ....and ıs he doing when you saw him ?....why, to the my memory, he was picking his nose.

XXI.

Joe Miller in his jests has an eye to poetical generally gives the victory or turns the ı the side of merit. No small compliment :ind !

XXII.

.y a person writes a good style, is originally ıtic an expression, as to say he plays a good

* Lord Shaftesbury.

XXIII.

The first line of Virgil seems to patter like an hailstorm...." Tityre, tu patulæ," &c.

XXIV.

The vanity and extreme self-love of the French is no where more observable than in their authors ; and among these, in none more than Boileau ; who, besides his rhodomontades, preserves every the most insipid reading in his notes, though he have removed it from the text for the sake of one ever so much better.

XXV.

The writer who gives us the best idea of what may be called the genteel in style and manner of writing, is, in my opinion, my Lord Shaftesbury. Then Mr. Addison and Dr. Swift.

A plain narrative of any remarkable fact, emphatically related, has a more striking effect without the author's comment.

XXVI.

Long periods and short seem analogous to gothic and modern stair cases : the former were of such a size as our heads and legs could barely command ; the latter such, that they might command half a dozen.

I think nothing truly poetic, at least no poetry worth composing, that does not strongly affect one's passions : and this is but slenderly effected by fables,

" Incredulus odi." HOR.

XXVII.

A preface very frequently contains such a piece of criticism, as tends to countenance and establish the peculiarities of the piece.

XXVIII.

I hate a style, as I do a garden, that is wholly flat and regular; that slides along like an eel, and never rises to what one can call an inequality.

XXIX.

It is obvious to discover that imperfections of one kind have a visible tendency to produce perfections of another. Mr. Pope's bodily disadvantages must incline him to a more laborious cultivation of his talent, without which he foresaw that he must have languished in obscurity. The advantages of person are a good deal essential to popularity in the grave world as well as the gay. Mr. Pope, by an unwearied application to poetry, became not only the favourite of the learned, but also of the ladies.

XXX.

Pope, I think, never once mentions Prior; though Prior speaks so handsomely of Pope in his Alma. One might imagine that the latter, indebted as he was to the former for such numberless beauties, should have readily repaid this poetical obligation. This can only be imputed to pride or party cunning. In other words, to some modification of selfishness.

XXXI.

Virgil never mentions Horace, though indebted to him for two very well-natured compliments.

XXXII.

Pope seems to me the most correct writer since Virgil; the greatest genius only, since Dryden.

XXXIII.

No one was ever more fortunate than Mr. Pope in *judicious choice* of his poetical subjects.

XXXIV.

Pope's talent lay remarkably in what one may naturally enough term the condensation of thoughts. I think, no other English poet ever brought so much sense into the same number of lines with equal smoothness, ease, and poetical beauty. Let him who doubts of this peruse his Essay on Man with attention. Perhaps, this was a talent from which he could not easily have swerved; perhaps, he could not have sufficiently rarefied his thoughts to produce that flimziness which is required in a ballad or love-song. His monster of Ragusa and his translations from Chaucer have some little tendency to invalidate this observation.

XXXV.

I durst not have censured Mr. Pope's writings in his life-time, you say. True. A writer surrounded with all his fame, engaging with another that is hardly known, is a man in armour attacking another in his night-gown and slippers.

XXXVI.

Pope's religion is often found very advantageous to his descriptive talents, as it is no doubt embellished with the most pompous scenes and ostentatious imagery: for instance,

"When from the censer clouds of, &c."

XXXVII.

Pope has made the utmost advantage of alliteration, regulating it by the pause with the utmost success:

"Die and endow a college or a cat," &c. &c.

It is an easy kind of beauty. Dryden seems to have *borrowed it from* Spenser.

XXXVIII.

Pope has published fewer foibles than any other poet that is equally voluminous.

XXXIX.

It is no doubt extremely possible to form an English prosody; but to a good ear it were almost superfluous, and to a bad one useless; this last being, I believe, never joined with a poetic genius. It may be joined with wit; it may be connected with sound judgment: but is surely never united with taste, which is the life and soul of poetry.

XL.

Rhymes, in elegant poetry, should consist of syllables that are long in pronunciation: such as "are, ear, ire, ore, your;" in which a nice ear will find more agreeableness than in these "gnat, net, knit, knot, nut."

XLI.

There is a vast beauty (to me) in using a word of a particular nature in the eighth and ninth syllables of an English verse. I mean, what is virtually a dactyl. For instance,

"And pikes, the tyrants of the watry plains."

Let any person of an ear substitute "liquid" instead of "watry," and he will find the disadvantage. Mr. Pope (who has improved our versification through a judicious disposition of the pause) seems not enough aware of this beauty.

XLII.

As to the frequent use of alliteration, it has probably had its day.

XLIII.

It has ever a good effect when the stress of the thought is laid upon that word which the voice most naturally pronounces with an emphasis.

" I nunc & versus tecum meditare," &c. HOR.

" Quam vellent æthere in alto
" Nunc & pauperiem," &c. VIRG.

" O fortunati, quorum jam mœnia, &c. VIRG.

" At regina gravi jamdudum," &c. VIRG.

Virgil, whose very metre appears to effect one's passions, was a master of this secret.

XLIV.

There are numbers in the world, who do not want sense, to make a figure; so much as an opinion of their own abilities, to put them upon recording their observations, and allowing them the same importance which they do to those which others print.

XLV.

A good writer cannot with the utmost study produce some thoughts, which will flow from a bad one with ease and precipitation. The reverse is also true. A bad writer, &c.

XLVI.

" Great wits have short memories" is a proverb; and as such has undoubtedly some foundation in nature. The case seems to be, that men of genius forget things of common concern, unimportant facts and circumstances, which make no slight impression in every-day minds. But sure it will be found that all wit depends on memory; i. e. on the recollection *of passages,* either to illustrate or contrast with any

present occasion. It is probably the fate of a common understanding to forget the very things which the man of wit remembers. But an oblivion of those things which almost every one remembers renders his case the more remarkable, and this explains the mystery.

XLVII.

Prudes allow no quarter to such ladies as have fallen a sacrifice to the gentle passions; either because themselves, being borne away by the malignant ones, perhaps never felt the other so powerful as to occasion them any difficulty; or because no one has tempted them to transgress that way themselves. It is the same case with some critics, with regard to the errors of ingenious writers.

XLVIII.

It seems with wit and good-nature, "Utrum horum mavis accipe." Taste and good-nature are universally connected.

XLIX.

Voiture's compliments to ladies are honest on account of their excess.

L.

Poetry and consumptions are the most flattering of diseases.

LI.

Every person insensibly fixes upon some degree of refinement in his discourse, some measure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wise to fix this pretty high, although it occasions one to talk the less.

LII.

Some men use no other means to acquire respect, than by insisting on it; and it sometimes answers their purpose, as it does an highwayman's in regard to money.

LIII.

There is nothing exerts a genius so much as writing plays; the reason is, that the writer puts himself in the place of every person that speaks.

LIV.

Perfect characters in a poem make but little better figure than regular hills, perpendicular trees, uniform rocks, and level sheets of water, in the formation of a landscape. The reason is, they are not natural, and moreover want variety.

LV.

Trifles discover a character more than actions of importance. In regard to the former, a person is off his guard, and thinks it not material to use disguise. It is, to me, no imperfect hint towards the discovery of a man's character, to say he looks as though you might be certain of finding a pin upon his sleeve.

LVI.

A grammarian speaks of first and second person: A poet of Celia and Corydon: A mathematician of A and B: a lawyer of Nokes and Styles. The very quintessence of pedantry!

LVII.

Shakspeare makes his very bombast answer his purpose, by the persons he chuses to utter it.

LVIII.

A poet, till he arrives at thirty, can see no other good than a poetical reputation. About that æra, he begins to discover some other.

LIX.

The plan of Spencer's Fairy-queen appears to me very imperfect. His imagination, though very extensive, yet somewhat less so, perhaps, than is generally allowed; if one considers the facility of realizing and equipping forth the virtues and vices. His metre has some advantages, though, in many respects, exceptionable. His good-nature is visible through every part of his poem. His conjunction of the pagan and christian scheme (as he introduces the deities of both acting simultaneously) wholly inexcusable. Much art and judgment are discovered in parts, and but little in the whole. One may entertain some doubt whether the perusal of his monstrous descriptions be not as prejudicial to true taste, as it is advantageous to the extent of imagination. Spencer, to be sure, expands the last; but then he expands it beyond its due limits. After all, there are many favourite passages in his Fairy-queen, which will be instances of a great and cultivated genius misapplied.

LX.

A poet, that fails in writing, becomes often a morose critic. The weak and insipid white wine makes at length excellent vinegar.

LXI.

People of fortune, perhaps, covet the acquaintance of established writers, not so much upon account of the social pleasure, as the credit of it: The former

would induce them to chuse persons of less capacities, and tempers more conformable.

LXII.

Language is to the understanding what a genteel motion is to the body; a very great advantage. But a person may be superior to another in understanding, that has not an equal dignity of expression; and a man may boast an handsomer figure, that is inferior to another in regard to motion.

LXIII.

The words "no more" have a single pathos: reminding us at once of past pleasures and the future exclusion of it.

LXIV.

Every single observation that is published by a man of genius, be it ever so trivial, should be esteemed of importance; because he speaks from his own impressions; whereas common men publish common things, which they have, perhaps, gleaned from frivolous writers.

LXV.

It is providential that our affection diminishes in proportion as our friends power encreases. Affection is of less importance whenever a person can support himself. It is on this account that younger brothers are often beloved more than their elders; and that Benjamin is the favourite. We may trace the same law throughout the animal creation.

LXVI.

The time of life when fancy predominates, is youth; the season when judgment decides best, is age. Poets, therefore, are always, in respect of their disposi-

tion, younger than other persons: a circumstance that gives the latter part of their lives some inconsistency. The cool phlegmatic tribe discover it in the former.

LXVII.

One sometimes meets with instances of genteel abruption in writers; but I wonder it is not used more frequently, as it has a prodigious effect upon the reader. For instance (after Falstaff's disappointment serving Shallow at Court)

"Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds".....
SHAKSPEARE.

When Pandulph commanded Philip of France to proceed no farther against England, but to sheath the sword he had drawn at the Pope's own instigation.

"Now it had already cost Philip eighty thousand "pound in preparations."

After the detail of king John's abject submission to the Pope's legate:

"Now John was hated and despised before."

But, perhaps, the strongest of all may be taken from the Scripture (Conclusion of a chapter in St. John)

"Now Barabbas was a robber."....

LXVIII.

A poet hurts himself by writing prose; as a race-horse hurts his motions by condescending to draw in a team.

LXIX.

The superior politeness of the French is in nothing more discernible than in the phrases used by them

and us to express an affair being in agitation. former says, " sur la tapis ;" the latter " upon anvil." Does it not shew also the sincerity and ous face with which we enter upon business, and negligent and jaunty air with which they perf even the most important ?

LXX.

There are two qualities adherent to the most i nious authors : I donot mean without exception. decent pride that will admit of no servility, and a sh ish bashfulness that keeps their worth concealed : " superbia quæsita meritis" and the " malus pu of Horace. The one will not suffer them to mak vances to the great; the other disguises that n for which the great would seek out them. Ad these the frequent indolence of speculative tem

LXXI.

A poetical genius seems the most elegar youthful accomplishments ; but it is entirely a y ful one. Flights of fancy, gaiety of behav sprightliness of dress, and a blooming aspect, spire very amicably to their mutual embellishm but the poetic talent has no more to do with than it would avail his Grace of Canterbury to a knack at country dances, or a genius for a cat

LXXII.

The most obsequious muses, like the fondest most willing courtezans, seldom leave us any re to boast much of their favours.

LXXIII.

If you write an original piece, you wonder n ever thought of the best of subjects before you translation, of the best authors.

LXXIV.

The ancient poets seem to value themselves greatly upon their power of perpetuating the fame of their contemporaries. Indeed the circumstance that has fixed their language, has been the only means of verifying some of their vain-glorious prophecies. Otherwise, the historians appear more equal to the task of conferring immortality. An history will live, though written ever so indifferently; and is generally less suspected, than the rhetoric of the muses.

LXXV.

I wonder authors do not discover how much more elegant it is to fix their name to the end of their preface, or any introductory address, than to the title-page. It is, perhaps, for the sake of an F. R. S. or an L. L. D. at the end of it.

It should seem, the many lies, discernible in books of travels, may be owing to accounts collected from improper people. Were one to give a character of the English, from what the vulgar act and believe, it would convey * a strange idea of the English understanding.

LXXVII.

Might not the poem on the Seasons have been rendered more "uni," by giving out the design of nature in the beginning of winter, and afterwards considering all the varieties of seasons as means aiming at one end?

LXXVIII.

Critics must excuse me, if I compare them to certain animals called asses; who, by gnawing vines,

* Missionaries clap a tail to every Indian nation that dislikes them.

originally taught the great advantage of pruning them.

LXXIX.

Every good poet includes a critic; the reverse will not hold.

LXXX.

We want a word to express the "Hospes" or "Hospita" of the ancients; among them, perhaps, the most respectable of all characters; yet with us translated "Host," which we apply also to an Innkeeper. Neither have we any word to express "Amica," as if we thought a woman always was somewhat more or less than a friend.

LXXXI.

I know not where any Latin author uses "Ignotos" otherwise than as "obscure Persons," as the modern phrase implies, "whom nobody knows." Yet it is used differently on Mrs. L.....'s monument.

LXXXII.

The philosopher, who considered the world as one vast animal, could esteem himself no other than a louse upon the back of it.

LXXXIII.

Orators and stage-coachmen, when the one wants arguments and the other a coat of arms, adorn their cause and their coaches with rhetoric and flower-pots.

LXXXIV.

It is idle to be much assiduous in the perusal of inferior poetry. Homer, Virgil, and Horace give

the true taste in composition; and a person's own imagination should be able to supply the rest.

In the same manner, it is superfluous to pursue inferior degrees of fame. One truly splendid action, or one well-finished composition, includes more than all the results from more trivial performances. I mean this for persons who make fame their only motive.

Very few sentiments are proper to be put in a person's mouth, during the first attack of grief.

Every thing disgusts, but mere simplicity; the scriptural writers describe their heroes using only some such phrase as this: "Alas! my brother!" "O Absalom my son! my son!" &c. The lamentation of Saul over Jonathan is more diffuse, but at the same time entirely simple.

Angling is literally described by Martial:

"....tremula piscem deducere seta."

From "Ictum fœdus" seems to come the English phrase and custom of striking a bargain.

I like Ovid's Amours better than his Epistles. There seems a greater variety of natural thoughts: whereas, when one has read the subject of one of his epistles, one foresees what it will produce in a writer of his imagination.

The plan of his Epistles for the most part well designed....The answers of Sabinus, nothing.

Necessity may be the mother of lucrative invention; but is the death of poetical.

If a person suspects his phrase to be somewhat too familiar and abject, it were proper he should accustom himself to compose in blank verse: but let him be much upon his guard against Ancient Pistol's phraseology.

Providence seems altogether impartial in the disp
sation which bestows riches upon one and a cont
of riches upon another.

Respect is the general end for which riches, po
er, place, title, and fame, are implicitly desire
When one is possessed of the end through any or
of these means, is it not wholly unphilosophical
covet the remainder?

Lord Shaftesbury, in the genteel management
some familiar ideas, seems to have no equal. I
discovers an eloignment from vulgar phrases mu
becoming a person of quality. His sketches shou
be studied, like those of Raphael. His Enquiry
one of the shortest and clearest systems of morali

The question is, whether you distinguish me, l
cause you have better sense than other people;
whether you seem to have better sense than oth
people, because you distinguish me.

One feels the same kind of disgust in reading F
man history, which one does in novels, or even e
poetry. We too easily foresee to whom the victo
will fall. The hero, the knight-errant, and the F
man, are too seldom overcome.

The elegance and dignity of the Romans is in r
thing more conspicuous than in their answers to a
bassadors.

There is an important omission in most of c
grammar-schools, through which what we read, eith
of fabulous or real history, leaves either faint or co
fused impressions. I mean the neglect of old ge
graphical maps. Were maps of ancient Gree
Sicily, Italy, &c. in use there, the knowledge
there acquire would not want to be renewed aft
wards, as is now generally the case.

A person of a pedantic turn will spend five ye
in translating, and contending for the beauties of
worse poem than he might write in five weeks himse

There seem to be authors who wish to sacrifice their whole character of genius to that of learning.

Boileau has endeavoured to prove, in one of his admirable satires, that man has no manner of pretence to prefer his faculties before those of the brute creation. Oldham has translated him: my Lord Rochester has imitated him: and even Mr. Pope declares,

> "That, reason raise o'er instinct how you can,
> "In this 'tis God directs; in that 'tis man."

Indeed, the Essay on Man abounds with illustrations of this maxim; and it is amazing to find how many plausible reasons may be urged to support it. It seems evident that our itch of reasoning, and spirit of curiosity, precludes more happiness than it can possibly advance. What numbers of diseases are entirely artificial things, far from the ability of a brute to contrive! We disrelish and deny ourselves cheap and natural gratifications, through speculative presciences and doubts about the future. We cannot discover the designs of our Creator. We should learn then of brutes to be easy under our ignorance, and happy in those objects that seem intended, obviously, for our happiness: not overlook the flowers of the garden, and foolishly perplex ourselves with the intricacies of the labyrinth.

I wish but two editions of all books whatsoever. One of the simple text, published by a society of able hands: another with the various readings and remarks of the ablest commentators.

To endeavour, all one's days, to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armour that one has nothing left to defend.

If one would think with philosophers, one must converse but little with the vulgar. These, by their very number, will force a person into a fondness for

appearance, a love of money, a desire of power; and other plebeian passions: objects which they admire, because they have no share in, and have not learning to supply the place of experience.

Livy, the most elegant and principal of the Roman historians, was, perhaps, as superstitious as the most unlearned plebeian. We see, he never is destitute of appearances, accurately described and solemnly asserted, to support particular events by the interposition of exploded deities. The puerile attention to chicken-feeding in a morning....And then a piece of gravity: "Parva sunt hæc, sed parva ista non contemnenda: majores nostri maximam hanc rem fecerunt."

It appears from the Roman historians, that the Romans had a particular veneration for the fortunate. Their epithet "Felix" seems ever to imply a favourite of the gods. I am mistaken, or modern Rome has generally acted in an opposite manner. Numbers amongst them have been canonized upon the single merit of misfortunes.

How different appears ancient and modern dialogue, on account of superficial subjects upon which we now generally converse! add to this, the ceremonial of modern times, and the number of titles with which some kings clog and encumber conversation.

The celebrated boldness of an eastern metaphor is, I believe, sometimes allowed it for the inconsiderable similitude it bears to its subject.

The style of letters, perhaps, should not rise higher, than the style of refined conversation.

Love-verses written without real passion, are often the most nauseous of all conceits. Those written from the heart will ever bring to mind that delightful season of youth, and poetry, and love.

Virgil gives one such excessive pleasure in his writings, beyond any other writer, by uniting the

most perfect harmony of metre, with the most pleasing ideas or images:

"Qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem;"

And

"Argentum Pariusve lapis".....

With a thousand better instances.

Nothing tends so much to produce drukenness, or even madness, as the frequent use of parenthesis in conversation.

Few greater images of impatience, than a general seeing his brave army over-matched and cut to pieces, and looking out continually to see his ally approach with forces to his assistance. See Shakspeare.

"When my dear Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
"Cast many a northward look to see his father
"Bring up his pow'rs....but he did look in vain."

BOOKS, &c.

SIMILES, drawn from odd circumstances and effects strangely accidental, bear a near relation to false wit. The best instance of the kind is that celebrated line of Waller:

"He grasp'd at love, and fill'd his hand with bays."

Virgil discovers less wit, and more taste, than any writer in the world....Some instances:

"..... longumque bibebat amorem."

What Lucretius says of the "edita doctrinæ sapie "tum templa"...." the temples of philosophers"... ap pears in no sense more applicable than to a snug an easy chariot:

"Dispicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
"Errare, atque viam palantes quærere vitæ."

i. e. From whence you may look down upon footpassengers, see them wandering on each side you, and pick their way through the dirt:

..... "seriously
"From learn'ng's tow'ring height to gaze around,
"And see plebeian spirits range below."

There is a sort of masonry in poetry, wherein the pause represents the joints of building; which ought in every line and course to have their disposition varied.

The difference betwixt a witty writer and a writer of taste is chiefly this. The former is negligent what ideas he introduces, so he joins them surprisingly.... The latter is principally careful what images he introduces, and studies simplicity rather than surprize in his manner of introduction.

It may in some measure account for the difference of taste in the reading of books, to consider the difference of our ears for music. One is not pleased without a perfect melody of style, be the sense what it will; another, of no ear for music, gives to sense its full weight without any deduction on account of harshness.

Harmony of period and melody of style have greater weight than is generally imagined in the judgment we pass upon writing and writers. As a proof of this, let us reflect, what texts of scripture, what lines in poetry, or what periods we most remember and quote, either in verse or prose, and we shall find them to be only musical ones.

I wonder the ancient mythology never shews Apollo enamoured of Venus; considering the remarkable deference that wit has paid to beauty in all ages. The Orientals act more consonantly, when they suppose the nightingale enamoured of the rose; the most harmonious bird of the fairest and most delightful flower.

Hope is a flatterer; but the most upright of all parasites; for she frequents the poor man's hut, as well as the palace of his superior.

What is termed humour in prose, I conceive, would be considered as burlesque in poetry: of which instances may be given.

Perhaps, burlesque may be divided into such as turns chiefly upon the thought, and such as depends more upon the expression: or we may add a third kind, consisting in thoughts ridiculously dressed in language much above or below their dignity.

The Splendid Shilling of Mr. Philips, and the Hudibras of Butler, are the most obvious instances. Butler, however, depended much upon the ludicrous effect of his double rhymes. In other respects, to declare my own sentiments, he is rather a witty writer than a humorous one.

Scenes below verse, merely versified, lay claim to a degree of humour.

Swift in poetry deserves a place somewhat betwixt Butler and Horace. He has the wit of the former, and the graceful negligence which we find in the latter's epistles and satires. I believe, few people discover less humour in Don Quixote than myself. For beside the general sameness of adventure, whereby it is easy to foresee what he will do on most occasions, it is not so easy to raise a laugh from the wild achievements of a madman. The natural passion in that case is pity, with some small portion of mirth at most. Sancho's character is indeed comic; and,

were it removed from the romance, would discover how little there was of humour in the character of Don Quixote.

It is a fine stroke of Cervantes, when Sancho, sick of his government, makes no answer to his comforters, but aims directly at his shoes and stockings.

OF MEN AND MANNERS.

I.

THE arguments against pride drawn so frequently by our clergy from the general infirmity, circumstances, and catastrophe of our nature, are extremely trifling and insignificant. Man is not proud as a species, but as an individual; not, as comparing himself with other beings, but with his fellow-creatures.

II.

I have often thought that people draw many of their ideas of agreeableness, in regard to proportion, colour, &c. from their own persons.

III.

It is happy enough that the same vices which impair one's fortune, frequently ruin our constitution, that the one may not survive the other.

IV.

Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does *upon the touch* of one's finger.

V.

The word Folly is perhaps the prettiest word in the language. Amusement and Diversion are good well meaning words; but Pastime is what never should be used but in a bad sense: it is vile to say such a thing is agreeable, because it helps to pass the time away.

VI.

Dancing in the rough is one of the most natural expressions of joy, and coincides with jumping..... When it is regulated, it is merely, "cum ratione insanire."

VII.

A plain, down-right, open hearted fellow's conversation is as insipid, says Sir Plume, as a play without a plot; it does not afford one the amusement of thinking.

VIII.

The fortunate have many parasites: Hope is the only one that vouchsafes attendance upon the wretched and the beggar.

IX.

A man of genius mistaking his talent loses the advantage of being distinguished; a fool of being undistinguished.

X.

Jealousy is the fear or apprehension of superiority: Envy, our uneasiness under it.

XI.

What some people term Freedom is nothing else than a liberty of saying and doing disagreeable

things. It is but carrying the notion a little higher, and it would require us to break and have a head broken reciprocally without offence.

XII.

I cannot see why people are ashamed to acknowledge their passion for popularity. The love of popularity is the love of being beloved.

XIII.

The ridicule with which some people affect to triumph over their superiors, is as though the moon under an eclipse should pretend to laugh at the sun.

XIV.

Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are shewing you the grounds of it.

XV.

I consider your very testy and quarrelsome people, in the same light as I do a loaded gun: which may by accident go off and kill one.

XVI.

I am afraid humility to genius is as an extinguisher to a candle.

XVII.

Many persons, when exalted, assume an insolent humility, who behaved before with an insolent haughtiness.

XVIII.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves, if they were in their places.

XIX.

Men of fine parts, they say, are often proud; I answer, dull people are seldom so, and both act upon an appearance of reason.

XX.

It was observed of a most accomplished lady, that she was withal so very modest, that one sometimes thought she neglected the praises of her wit, because she could depend on those of her beauty; at other times, that she slighted those of her beauty, knowing she might rely on those of her wit.

XXI.

The only difference betwixt wine and ale seems to be that of chemic and galenic medicines.

XXII.

It is the reduplication or accumulation of compliments, that gives them their agreeableness: I mean when, seeming to wander from the subject, you return to it again with greater force. As a common instance: "I wish it was capable of a precise demonstration how much I esteem, love, and honour you; beyond all the rich, the gay, the great of this sublunary sphere: but I believe that both divines and laymen will agree that the sublimest and most valuable truths are oftentimes least capable of demonstration."

XXIII.

It is a noble piece of policy that is used in some arbitrary governments (but suitable to none other) to instil it into the minds of the people that their Great Duke knoweth all things.

XXIV.

In a heavy oppressive atmosphere, when the spirits sink too low, the best cordial is to read over all the letters of ones friends.

XXV.

Pride and modesty are sometimes found to unite together in the same character: and the mixture is as salutary as that of wine and water. The worst combination I know is that of avarice and pride; as the former naturally obstructs the good that pride eventually produces. What I mean is, expence.

XXVI.

A great many tunes, by a variety of circumrotatory flourishes, put one in mind of a lark's descent to the ground.

XXVII.

People frequently use this expression, "I am inclined to think so and so;" not considering that they are then speaking the most literal of all truths.

XXVIII.

The first part of a newspaper which an ill-natured man examines, is, the list of bankrupts, and the bills of mortality.

XXIX.

The chief thing which induces men of sense to use airs of superiority, is the contemplation of coxcombs; that is, conceited fools; who would otherwise run away with the men of sense's privileges.

XXX.

To be entirely engrossed by antiquity, and as it *were eaten* up with rust, is a bad compliment to the *present age*.

XXXI.

Ask to borrow six-pence of the Muses, and they tell you at present they are out of cash, but hereafter they will furnish you with five thousand pounds.

XXXII.

The argument against restraining our passions, because we shall not always have it in our power to gratify them, is much stronger for their restraint, than it is for their indulgence.

XXXIII.

Few men, that would cause respect and distance merely, can say any thing by which their end will be so effectually answered as by silence.

XXXIV.

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is, that people can commend it without envy.

XXXV.

One may, modestly enough, calculate ones appearance for respect upon the road, where respect and conveniences so remarkably coincide.

XXXVI.

Although a man cannot procure himself a title at pleasure, he may vary the appellation he goes by, considerably. As, from Tom, to Mr. Thomas, to Mr. Musgrove, to Thomas Musgrove, esquire. And this by a behaviour of reserve, or familiarity.

XXXVII.

For a man of genius to condescend in conversation with vulgar people, gives the sensation that a tall man feels *on being* forced to stoop in a low room.

XXXVIII.

There is nothing more universally prevalent t flattery. Persons, who discover the flatterer, do r always disapprove him, because he imagines the considerable enough to deserve his applications. It is a tacit sort of compliment, that he esteems them to be such as it is worth his while to flatter:

> " And when I tell him he hates flattery,
> " He says he does, being then most flattered."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

XXXIX.

A person has sometimes more public than private merit. Honorio and his family wore mourning for their ancestor; but that of all the world was internal and sincere.

Your plain domestic people, who talk of their humility and home felt satisfactions, will in the same breath discover how much they envy a shining character. How is this consistent?

You are prejudiced, says Pedanticus; I will not take your word, or your character of that man....But the grounds of my prejudice are the source of my accusation.

A proud man's intimates are generally more attached to him, than the man of merit and humility can pretend his to be. The reason is the former pays a greater compliment in his condescension.

The situation of a king, is so far from being miserable, as pedants term it; that, if a person have magnanimity, it is the happiest I know; as he has assuredly the most opportunities of distinguishing merit, and conferring obligations.

XL.

" Contemptæ dominus splendidior rei."

A man, a gentleman, evidently appears more considerable by seeming to despise his fortune, than a citizen and mechanic by his endeavours to magnify it.

XLI.

What man of sense, for the benefit of coal-mines, would be plagued with colliers conversation ?

XLII.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favour.

XLIII.

Third thoughts often coincide with the first, and are generally the best grounded. We first relish nature and the country ; then artificial amusements and the city ; then become impatient to retire to the country again.

XLIV.

While we labour to subdue our passions, we should take care not to extinguish them. Subduing our passions, is disengaging ourselves from the world ; to which however, whilst we reside in it, we must always bear relation ; and we may detach ourselves to such a degree as to pass an useless and insipid life, which we were not meant to do. Our existence here is at least one part of a system.

A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.

XLV.

Anger and the thirst of revenge are a kind of fever. Fighting and law-suits, bleeding; at least, a evacuation. The latter occasions a dissipation of money; the former of those fiery spirits which cause a preternatural fermentation.

XLVI.

Were a man of pleasure to arrive at the full extent of his several wishes, he must immediately feel himself miserable. It is one species of despair to have no room to hope for any addition to one's happiness.

His following wish must then be to wish he had some fresh object for his wishes. A strong argument that our minds and bodies were both meant to be for ever active.

XLVII.

I have seen one evil underneath the sun, which gives me particular mortification.

The reserve or shyness of men of sense generally confines them to a small acquaintance; and they find numbers their avowed enemies, the similarity of whose tastes, had fortune brought them once acquainted, would have rendered them their fondest friends.

XLVIII.

A mere relator of matters of fact, is fit only for an evidence in a court of justice.

XLIX.

If a man be of superior dignity to a woman, a woman, is surely as much superior to a man that is effeminated. Lily's rule in the grammar has well enough adjusted this subordination. "The mascu-

is more worthy than the feminine, and the femi-e more worthy than the neuter."

L.

A gentleman of fortune will be often complaining f taxes; that his estate is inconsiderable; that he can never make so much of it as the world is ready to imagine. A mere citizen, on the other hand, is always aiming to shew his riches; says that he employs so many hands; he keeps his wife a chaise and one; and talks much of his Chinese ornaments at his paltry cake-house in the country. They both aim at praise, but of a very distinct kind. Now, supposing the cit worth as much in money as the other is in land, the gentleman surely chuses the better method of ostentation, who considers himself as somewhat superior to his fortune, than he who seems to look up at his fortune, and consequently sets himself beneath it.

LI.

The only kind of revenge which a man of sense need take upon a scoundrel, is by a series of worthy behaviour, to force him to admire and esteem his enemy, and yet irritate his animosity, by declining a reconciliation. As Sir John Falstaff might say, "turning even quarrels to commodity."

LII.

It is possible, by means of glue, to connect two pieces of wood together; by a powerful cement, to join marble; by the mediation of a priest, to unite a man and woman; but of all associations the most effectual is betwixt an idiot and a knave. They become in a manner incorporate. The former seems so framed to admire and idolize the latter, that the latter may seize and devour him as his proper prey.

LIII.

The same degree of penetration that shews you another in the wrong, shews him also, in respect to that instance, your inferior: hence the observation, and the real fact, that people of clear heads are what the world calls opinionated.

LIV.

There is none can baffle men of sense, but fools, on whom they can make no impression.

LV.

The regard one shews economy, is like that we shew an old aunt who is to leave us something at last. Our behaviour on this account is as much constrained as that

> "Of one well studied in a sad ostent
> "To please his granam." SHAKSPEARE.

LVI.

Fashion is a great restraint upon your persons of taste and fancy; who would otherwise, in the most trifling instances, be able to distinguish themselves from the vulgar.

LVII.

A writer who pretends to polish the human understanding, may beg by the side of Rutter's chariot who sells a powder for the teeth.

LVIII.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honesty, seems to be chiefly the motive. The mere honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

LIX.

The Proverb ought to run, "a fool and his words are soon parted; a man of genius and his money."

LX.

A man of wit, genius, learning, is apt to think it somewhat hard, that men of no wit, no genius, no learning, should have a greater share of wealth and honours; not considering that their own accomplishment ought to be reckoned to them as their equivalent. It is no reason that a person worth five thousand pounds, should on that account have a claim to twenty.

LXI.

A wife ought in reality to love her husband above all the world; but this preference I think should, in point of politeness, be concealed. The reason is, that it is disgusting to see an amiable woman monopolized; and it is easy by proper management to wave (all I contend for) the appearance.

LXII.

There are some wounds given to reputation that are like the wounds of an envenomed arrow; where we irritate and enlarge the orifice while we extract the bearded weapon; yet cannot the cure be completed otherwise.

LXIII.

Amongst all the vain-glorious professors of humility, you find none that will not discover how much they envy a shining character: and this either by censuring it themselves, or shewing a satisfaction in such as do. Now there is this advantage at least arising from ambition, that it disposes one to disregard a *thousand instances* of middling grandeur; and re-

duces one's emulation to the narrow circle of a few that blaze. It is hence a convenient disposition in a country place, where one is encompassed with such as are merely richer, keep fine horses, a table, footmen; make a decent figure as rural esquires; yet, after all, discover no more than an every-day plebeian character. These a person of little ambition might envy; but another of a more extensive one may, in any kind of circumstances, disregard.

LXIV.

It is with some men as with some horses: what is esteemed spirit in them, proceeds from fear. This was undoubtedly the source of that seeming spirit discovered by Tully in regard to his antagonist M. Antony. He knew he must destroy him, or be destroyed himself.

LXV.

The same qualities, joined with virtue, often furnish out a great man, which, united with a different principle, furnish out an highwayman; I mean courage and strong passions. And they may both join in the same expression, though with a meaning somewhat varied....

> "Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possum
> "Tollere humo."

i. e. "Be promoted or be hanged."

LXVI.

True Honour is to honesty, what the court of Chancery is to common law.

LXVII.

Misers, as death approaches, are heaping up a chest of reasons to stand in more awe of him.

LXVIII.

A man sooner finds out his own foibles in a stranger, than any other foibles.

LXIX.

It is favourable enough on the side of learning, that if an historian mentions a good author, it does not seem absurd to style him a great man: whereas the same phrase would not be allowed to a mere illiterate nobleman.

LXX.

It is less wonderful to see a wretched man commence an hero, than an happy one.

LXXI.

An high-spirit has often very different and even contrary effects. It sometimes operates no otherwise than like the "vis inertiæ;" at others it induces men to bustle and make their part good among their superiors. As Mr. Pope says,

"Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns."

It is by no means less forcible, when it withdraws a man from the company of those with whom he cannot converse on equal terms; it leads him into solitude, that, if he cannot appear their equal, he may at least conceal his inferiority. It is sullen, obstinate, disdainful, haughty, in no less a degree than the other; but is, perhaps, more genteel, and less citizen-like. Sometimes the other succeeds, and then it is esteemed preferable; but in case it fail, it not only exposes a person's meanness, but his impatience under it; both of which the reserved spirit is able to disguise....but then it stands no chance of removing. "Pudor malus ulcera celat."

LXXII.

Every single instance of a friend's insincerity encreases our dependence on the efficacy of the money. It makes one covet what produces an external respect when one is disappointed of that which is internal and sincere. This, perhaps, with decaying passions, contributes to render age covetous.

LXXIII.

When physicians write of diseases, the prognostics and the diagnostics, the symptoms and the paroxysms, they give one fatal apprehensions for every ache about us. When they come to treat of medicines and applications, you seem to have no other difficulty but to decide by which means you would recover. In short, to give the preference between a linctus and an apozem.

LXXIV.

One should no more trust to the skill of most apothecaries, than one would ask the opinion of their pestle and mortar; yet both are useful in their way.

LXXV.

I believe there was never so reserved a solitary, but felt some degree of pleasure at the first glimpse of an human figure. The soul, however, unconscious of its social bias in a crowd, will in solitude feel some attraction towards the first person that we meet.

LXXVI.

In courts, the motion of the body is easy, and those of the soul constrained: in the country, the gestures of the body are constrained, and those of the soul supine and careless.

LXXVII.

One may easily enough guard against ambition till five and twenty.....It is not ambition's day.

LXXVIII.

It should seem that indolence itself would incline a person to be honest; as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.

LXXIX.

Perhaps rustics, boors, and esquires, make a principal figure in the country, as inanimates are always allowed to be the chief figures in a landscape.

LXXX.

Titles make a greater distinction than is almost tolerable to a British spirit. They almost vary the species; yet as they are oftentimes conferred, seem not so much the reward, as the substitutes of merit.

LXXXI.

What numbers live to the age of fifty or sixty years, yet, if estimated by their merit, are not worth the price of a chick the moment it is hatched.

LXXXII.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

LXXXIII.

Fools are very often found united in the strictest intimacies, as the lighter kinds of woods are the most closely glewed together.

LXXXIV.

Persons of great delicacy should know the certainty of the following truth. There are abundance of cases which occasion suspense, in which, whatever they determine, they will repent of their determination; and this through a propensity of human nature to fancy happiness in those schemes, which it does not pursue.

LXXXV.

High-spirit in a man, is like a sword; which, though worn to annoy his enemies, yet is often troublesome in a less degree to his friends. He can hardly wear it so inoffensively, but it is apt to incommode one or other of the company. It is more properly a loaded pistol, which accident alone may fire, and kill one.

LXXXVI.

A miser, if honest, can be only honest bare weight.

Avarice is the most opposite of all characters to that of God Almighty; whose alone it is, to give and not receive.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

A grashopper is, perhaps, the best device for coat armour of those who would be thought aborigines; agreeable to the Athenian use of them.

Immoderate assurance is perfect licentiousness.

When a person is so far engaged in a dispute as to wish to get the victory, he ought ever to desist..... The idea of conquest will so dazzle him, that it is hardly possible he should discern the truth.

I have sometimes thought the mind so calculated, that a small degree of force may impel it to a certain pitch of pleasure or of pain; beyond which it will not pass, by any impetus whatsoever.

I doubt whether it be not true, that we hate those faults most in others which we are guilty of ourselves.

A man of thorough sense scarce admires even any one; but he must be an ideot that is the admirer of a fool.

It may be prudent to give up the more trivial parts of character for the amusement of the invidious: as a man willingly relinquishes his silver to save his gold from an highwayman. Better be ridiculed for an untoward peruke, than be attacked on the score of morals, as one would be rather pulled by the hair, than stabbed to the heart.

Virtue seems to be nothing more than a motion consonant to the system of things. Were a planet to fly from its orbit, it would represent a vicious man.

It is difficult not to be angry at beings we know capable of acting otherwise than they do. One ought no more, if one reflects, to be angry at the stupidity of a man than of a horse, except it be vincible and voluntary; and yet the practice is otherwise.

People say, "Do not regard what he says, now he is in liquor." Perhaps it is the only time he ought to be regarded: "Aperit præcordia Liber."

Patience is the Panacea; but where does it grow, or who can swallow it.

Wits uniformly exclaim against fools, yet fools are their proper foil; and it is from them alone they can learn what figure themselves make. Their behaviour naturally falls in with the generality, and furnishes a better mirror than that of artful people, who are sure enough to deceive you either on the favourable or the ill-natured side.

We say, he is a man of sense who acknowledges the same truths that we do; that he is a man of taste who allows the same beauties. We consider him as a person of better sense and finer taste, who discerns more truths and more beauties in conjunction with

ourselves: but we allow neither appellation to the man who differs from us.

We deal out our genuine esteem to our equals; our affection for those beneath us; and a reluctant sort of respect to those that are above us.

Glory relaxes often and debilitates the mind; censure stimulates and contracts.....both to an extreme. Simple fame is, perhaps, the proper medium.

Persons of new families do well to make magnificent funerals, sumptuous weddings, remarkable entertainments; to exhibit a number of servants in rich and ostentatious liveries; and to take every public occasion of imprinting on the mob an habitual notion of their superiority. For so is deference obtained from that quarter:

"Stupet in titulis & imaginibus."

One scarce sees how it is possible for a country girl or a country fellow to preserve their chastity. They have neither the philosophical pleasure of books, nor the luxurious pleasure of a table, nor the refined amusement of building, planting, drawing, or designing, to divert their imagination from an object to which they seem continually to stimulate it by provocative illusions. Add to this the health and vigour that are almost peculiar to them.

I am afraid, there are many ladies who only exchange the pleasures of incontinence for the pleasure they derive from censure. At least it is no injustice to conclude so, where a person is extravagantly censorious.

Persons of judgment and understanding may be divided into two sorts. Those whose judgment is so extensive as to comprehend a great deal; existences, systems, universals: but as there are some eyes so constituted as to take in distant objects, yet be excelled by others in regard to objects minute or near; so there are other understandings better calculated *for the examination* of particular objects.

The mind is at first an open field without partitions or enclosures. To make it turn to most account, it is very proper to divide and enclose. In other words, to sort our observations.

Some men are called sagacious, merely on account of their avarice: whereas a child can clench its fist the moment it is born.

It is a point of prudence, when you converse with your inferior, to consider yourself as conversing with his inferior, with whom no doubt he may have the same connexion that you have with him: and to be upon your guard accordingly.

How deplorable then is a person's condition, when his mind can only be supported by flattery, and his constitution but by cordials! when the relief of his present complaint undermines its own efficacy, yet encreases the occasion for which it is used! Short is then the duration of our tranquillity, or of our lives.

A man is not esteemed ill-natured for any excess of social affection; or an indiscreet profusion of his fortune upon his neighbours, companions, or friends; although the true measure of his affections is as much impaired by this, as by selfishness.

If any one's curse can effect damnation, it is not that of the pope, but that of the poor.

People of the finest and most lively genius have the greatest sensibility, of consequence the most lively passions; the violence of which puts their conduct upon a footing with that of fools. Fools discern the weaknesses which they have in common with themselves; but are not sensible of their excellencies, to which they have no pretensions; of course, always inclined to dispute the superiority.

Wit is the refractory pupil of judgment.

Virtue should be considered as a part of taste (and perhaps it is so more in this age, than in any preceding one) and should as much avoid deceit or sinister meanings in discourse, as they would do puns, bad language, or false grammar.

Think, when you are enraged at any one, what would probably become your sentiments, should he die during the dispute.

The man of a towering ambition, or a well-regulated taste has fewer objects to envy or to covet than the grovellers.

Refined sense to a person that is to converse alone with boors, is a manifest inconvenience. As Falstaff says (with some little variation)

"Company, witty company, has been the ruin of me."

If envious people were universally to ask themselves whether they would exchange their entire situations with the persons envied (I mean their minds, passions, notions, as well as their persons, fortunes, dignities, &c. &c.) I will presume the self-love common to human nature would make them all prefer their own condition:

"Quid statis? nolint....atqui licet esse beatis."

If this rule were applied, as it surely ought to be, it bids fair to prove an universal cure for envy:

"Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
"A Diis plura feret."....Self-denial.

A person, elevated one degree above the populace, assumes more airs of superiority than one that is raised ten. The reason is somewhat obvious. His superiority is more contestible.

The character of a decent, well-behaved gentleman-like man seems more easily attainable by a person of no great parts or passions, than by one of greater genius and more volatility. It is there no mismanagement, for the former to be chiefly ambitious of it. When a man's capacity does not enable him to entertain or animate the company, it is the best he can do to render himself inoffensive, and to keep his teeth

clean. But the person who has talents for discourse, and a passionate desire to enliven conversation, ought to have many improprieties excused, which in the other were unpardonable. A lady of good-nature would forgive the blunder of a country esquire, who, through zeal to serve her with a glass of claret, should involve his spurs in her Brussels apron. On the contrary, the fop (who may in some sense use the words of Horace.

" Quod verum atque decens curo & rogo &
" ..... omnis in hoc sum")

would be entitled to no pardon for such unaccountable misconduct.

Man in general, may be considered as a mechanic, and the formation of happiness as his business or employment: Virtue, his repository or collection of instruments; the goods of fortune as his materials: in proportion as workmen, the instruments, and the materials excel, the work will be executed in the greater perfection.

The silly censorious are the very " fel naturæ," " the most bitter of all bitter things;" from the hyssop that grows upon the wall, to the satirist that pisses against it.

I have known a sensible man of opinion that one should not be solicitous about a wife's understanding. A woman's sense was with him a phrase to express a degree of knowledge, which was likely to contribute mighty little to a husband's happiness. I cannot be of his opinion. I am convinced, that as judgment is the portion of our sex, so fancy and imagination are more eminently the lot of theirs. If so after honesty of heart, what is there we should so much require? A wife's beauty will soon decay, it is doubtful whether in reality first, or in our own opinion. Either of these is sufficient to pall the raptures of enjoyment. We are then to seek for something that

will retain its novelty; or, what is equivalent, will change its shape when her person palls by its identity. Fancy and genius bid fairest for this, which have as many shapes, as there can happen occasions to exert them. Good-nature, I always suppose. The former will be expedient to exhilarate and divert us; the latter to preserve our minds in a temper to be diverted.

I have known some attornies of reputable families, and whose original dispositions seemed to have been open and humane. Yet can I scarce recollect one, in whom the gentleman, the christian, and even the man, was not swallowed up in the lawyer: they are not only the greatest tyrants, but the greatest pedants of all mankind.

Reconciliation is the tenderest part either of friendship or of love; the latter more especially, in which the soul is more remarkably softened. Were a person to make use of art in procuring the affection of his mistress, it were, perhaps, his most effectual method to contrive a slight estrangement, and then, as it were imperceptibly, bring on a reconciliation. The soul here discovers a kind of elasticity; and, being forced back, returns with an additional violence.

Virtue may be considered as the only means of dispensing happiness in proper portions to every moment of our time.

To judge whether one has sufficient pleasure to render the continuation of life agreeable, it is not enough to say, Would you die? Take away first, the hope of better scenes in this life, the fears of worse in another, and the bodily pain of dying.

The fear of death seems as natural, as the sensation of lust or of hunger: the first and last, for the preservation of the individual; the other, for the continuation of the species.

It seems obvious that God, who created the world, intends the happiness and perfection of the system

he created. To effect the happiness of the whole, self-love, in its degree, is as requisite as social; for I am myself a part of that whole, as well as another. The difficulty of ascertaining what is virtue, lies in proportioning the degrees of self-love and social. "Proximus sum egomet mihi."...."Tunica pallio proprior."...., Charity begins at home." It is so. It ought to be so; nor is there any inconvenience arises to the public, because it is general. Were this away, the individual must soon perish, and consequently the whole body. A man has every moment occasion to exert his self-love for the sake of self-preservation; consequently this ought to be stronger, in order to keep him upon his guard. A centinel's attention should be greater than that of a soldier on a review.

The social, though alike constant, is not equally intense; because the selfish, being universal, renders the social less essential to the well-being of one's neighbour. In short, the self-love and the social ought to bear such proportion as we find they generally do. If the selfish passion of the rest preponderate, it would be self-destructive in a few individuals to be over-socially disposed. If the social one prevails generally, to be of remarkable selfishness must obstruct the good of society.

Many feel a superfluous uneasiness for want of due attention to the following truth.

We are oftentimes in suspense betwixt the choice of different pursuits. We chuse one at last doubtingly, and with an unconquered hankering after the other. We find the scheme, which we have chosen, answer our expectations but indifferently.....Most worldly projects will. We, therefore, repent of our choice, and immediately fancy happiness in the paths which we decline; and this heightens our uneasiness. We might at least escape the aggravation of it. It is not improbable, we had been more unhappy, but

extremely probable, we had not been less so, had we made a different decision. This, however relates to schemes that are neither virtuous nor vicious.

Happy dogs (says a certain splenetic) our footmen and the populace! Farewell, says Esop, in Vanbrugh, whom I both envy and despise! The servant meets with hundreds whose conversation can amuse him, for one that is the least qualified to be a companion for his master.

"A person cannot eat his cake and have it," is, as Lord Shaftesbury observes, a proper answer to many splenetic people*. But what imports it to be in the possession of a cake that you do not eat? If then the cake be made to be eaten, says lady L....., better eat it when you are most hungry. Poor woman! she seems to have acted by this maxim, but yet could not avoid crying for the cake she had eaten.

You should calculate your appearance for the place where you reside. One would rather be a very Knight in the country than his Honour Mr. Such-a-one.

The most consummate selfishness would incline a person at his death, to dispose of his effects agreeably to duty; that he may secure an interest in the world to which he is going.

A justice and his clerk is now little more than a blind man and his dog. The profound ignorance of the former, together with the canine impudence and rapacity of the latter, will but rarely be found wanting to vindicate the comparison. The principal part of the similitude will appear obvious to every one; I mean that the justice is as much dependent on his clerk for superior insight and implicit guidance, as the blind fellow on his cur that leads him in a string. Add to this, that the offer of a crust will seduce the conductors of either to drag their masters into a kennel.

* Complainants.

To remark the different figure made by different persons, under the same circumstances of fortune! Two friends of mine upon a journey had so contrived as to reduce their finances to a single sixpence each. The one with the genteel and liberal air of abundance, gave his to a black-shoe-boy, who wished his honour a thousand blessings; the other, having lodged a fortnight with a nobleman that was his patron, offered his to the butler, as an instance of his gratitude, who with difficulty forebore to curse him to his face.

A glass or two of wine extraordinary only raises a valetudinarian to that warmth of social affection, which had naturally been his lot, in a better state of health.

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

Be cautious not to consider a person as your superior, merely because he is your superior in the point of assurance. This has often depressed the spirit of a person of desert and diffidence.

A proper assurance, and competent fortune, are essential to liberty.

Taste is pursued at a less expence than fashion.

Our time in towns seems short to pass, and long to reflect upon; in the country, the reverse.

Deference, before company, is the genteelest kind of flattery. The flattery of epistles affects one less, as they cannot be shewn without an appearance of vanity. Flattery of the verbal kind is gross. In short, applause is of too coarse a nature to be swallowed in the gross....though the extract or tincture be ever so agreeable.

When a person, for a splendid servitude, foregoes an humble independency, it may be called an advancement, if you please: but it appears to me an advancement from the pit to the gallery. Liberty is a more *invigorating* cordial than tokay.

Though punctilios are trifling, they may be as important as the friendship of some persons that regard them....Indeed it is almost an universal practice to rail at punctilio; and it seems in some measure a consequence of our attachment to French fashions. However, it is extremely obvious, that punctilio never caused half the quarrels, that have risen from the freedom of behaviour, which is its opposite extreme. Were all men rational and civilized, the use of ceremony would be superfluous: but as the case is, it at least fixes some bounds to the encroachments of eccentric people, who, under the denomination of freedom, might demand the privilege of breaking your head.

There seem near as many people that want passion as want reason.

The world would be more happy, if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship. But money engrosses all our deference; and we scarce enjoy a social hour, because we think it unjustly stolen from the main business of our lives.

The state of man is not unlike that of a fish hooked by an angler. Death allows us a little line. We flounce, and sport, and vary our situation: but when we would extend our schemes, we discover our confinement, checked and limited by a superior hand, who drags us from our element whensoever he pleases.

The vulgar trace your faults; those you have in common with themselves: but they have no idea of your excellencies, to which they have no pretensions.

A person is something taller by holding up his head.

A man of sense can be adequately esteemed by none other than a man of sense: a fool by none but a fool. We ought to act upon this principle.

How melancholy is it to travel, late and fatigued, *upon any ambitious* project on a winter's night; and

observe the lights of cottages where all the unambitious people are warm and happy, or at rest in their beds. Some of them says W....., as wretched as princes, for aught we know to the contrary?

It is generally a principle of indolence that makes one so disgusted with an artful character. We hate the confinement of standing centinels, in our own defence.

To behave with complaisance, where one foresees one must needs quarrel, is like eating before a vomit.

Some persons may with justice boast, that they knew as much as others when they were but ten years old: and that their present knowledge comprehends after the manner that a larger trunk contains the smaller ones it encloses.

It is possible to discover in some faces the features nature intended, had she not been some-how thwarted in her operations. Is it not easy to remark the same distortion in some minds? There is a phrase pretty frequent amongst the vulgar, and which they apply to absolute fools....That they have had a rock too much in their cradles.....With me, it is a most expressive idiom to describe a dislocated understanding: an understanding, for instance, which, like a watch, discovers a multitude of such parts, as appear obviously intended to belong to a system of the greatest perfection; yet which, by some unlucky jumble, falls infinitely short of it.

Is it not the wound our pride sustains by being deceived, that makes us more averse to hypocrites, than to the most audacious and barefaced villain? Yet it seems as much a piece of justice to commend a man for talking more honestly than he acts, as it is to blame a man for acting more dishonestly than he talks. The sum of the whole, however, is that the one adds to other crimes by his deceit, and the other by his impudence.

A fool can neither eat, nor drink, nor stand, nor walk; nor, in short, laugh, nor cry, nor take snuff, like a man of sense. How obvious the distinction!

Independency may be found in comparative, as well as absolute abundance: I mean where a person contracts his desires within the limits of his fortune.

There are very few persons who do not lose something of their esteem for you, upon your approach to familiarity.

The silly excuse that is often drawn from want of time to correspond, becomes no one besides a cobler with ten or a dozen children dependent on a tatching end.

One, perhaps, ought to make funerals as sumptuous as possible, or as private: either by obscurity to elude, or by splendor to employ, the attention, that it may not be engaged by the most shocking circumstance of our humanity.

It happens a little unluckily, that the persons who have the most intimate contempt of money, are the same that have the strongest appetites for the pleasures it produces.

We are apt to look for those virtues in the characters of noblemen, that are but rarely to be found any where, except in the preambles to their patents. Some shining exceptions may be made to this rule: In general we may consider their appearance with us in public, as one does our wearing apparel. "Which lord do you wear to day? Why I did think to wear my lord ****; but, as there will be little company in the Mall, I will e'en content myself to wear the same noble peer I wore yesterday."

The worst inconvenience of a small fortune is that it will not admit of inadvertency. Inadvertency, however, ought to be placed at the head of most men's yearly accounts, and a sum as regularly allotted to it as to any other article.

It is with our judgments, as with our eyes. Some can see objects at a greater distance more distinctly, at the same time less distinctly than others the objects that are near them.

Notwithstanding the airs men give themselves, I believe no one sees family to more advantage, than the persons that have no share in it.

How important is the eye to the appearance of an human face! the chief index of temper, understanding, health, and love! What prodigious influence must the same misfortunes have on some persons beyond others! as the loss of an eye to a mere insolent beauty without the least philosophy to support herself.

The person least reserved in his censure of another's excess in equipage, is commonly the person who would exhibit the same if it had been within his power; the source of both being a disregard to decorum. Likewise he that violently arraigns, or fondly indulges it, agree in considering it a little too seriously.

Amid the most mercenary ages, it is but a secondary sort of admiration that is bestowed upon magnificence.

An order of beauties, as of knights, with a style appropriated to them (as for instance, To the Right Beautiful Lady Such-a-one) would have as good a foundation as any other class, but would, at the same time, be the most invidious of any order that was ever instituted.

The first maxim a child is taught, is that

"Learning is better than house and land;"

but how little is its influence as he grows up to maturity!

There is somewhat very astonishing in the record of our most celebrated victories: I mean, the small

number of the conquerors killed in proportion to the conquered. At Agincourt, it is said, were ten thousand, and fourteen thousand massacred. Livy's accounts of this sort are so astonishing, that one is apt to disbelieve the historian....All the explanation one can find is, that the gross slaughter is made when one side takes to flight.

A person that is disposed to throw off all reserve before an inferior, should reflect, that he has also his inferiors, to whom he may be equally communicative.

It is impossible for a man of sense to guard against the mortification that may be given him by fools, or heteroclite characters; because he cannot foresee them. A wit would cannot afford to discard a frivolous conceit, though it tends to affront you: an old maid, a country put, or a college pedant, will ignorantly or wilfully blunder upon such hints as much discompose you.

A man that is solicitious about his health, or apprehensive of some acute disorder, should write a journal of his constitution, for the better instruction of his physician.

Ghosts have no more connexion with darkness, than the mystery of a barber with that of a surgeon; yet we find they go together. Perhaps Nox and Chaos were their mythological parents.

He makes a lady but a poor recompence who marries her, because he has kept her company long after his affection is estranged. Does he not rather encrease the injury?

Second thoughts oftentimes are the very worst of all thoughts. First and third very often coincide. Indeed second thoughts are too frequently formed by the love of novelty, of shewing penetration, of distinguishing ourselves from the mob, and have consequently less of simplicity, and more of affectation. *This, however,* regards principally objects of taste

and fancy. Third thoughts, at least, are here very proper mediators.

"Set a beggar on horse-back, and he'll ride," is a common proverb and a real truth. The "novus homo" is an "inexpertus homo," and consequently must purchase finery, before he knows the emptiness of it experimentally. The established gentleman disregards it, through habit and familiarity.

The foppery of love-verses, when a person is ill and indisposed, is perfect ipecacuanha.

Antiquity of family, and distinctions of gentry, have, perhaps, less weight in this age, than they had ever heretofore: the bend dexter or sinister; the chief, the canton, or the cheveron, are greatly out of date. The heralds are at length discovered to have no legal authority. Spain, indeed, continues to preserve the distinction, and is poor. France (by their dispute about trading nobility) seems inclined to shake it off. Who now looks with veneration on the ante-diluvian pedigree of a Welchman? Property either is, or is sure to purchase distinction, let the king at arms, or the old maiden aunt, preach as long as either pleases. It is so; perhaps it ought to be so. All honours should lie open, all encouragement be allowed to the members of trade in a trading nation: and as the nobility find it very expedient to partake of their profits so that they, in return, should obtain a share in the others honours. One would, however, wish the acquisition of learning was as sure a road to dignity, as that of riches.

ON BOOKS AND WRITERS.

IT is often asserted, by pretenders to singular penetration, that the assistance fancy is supposed to draw from wine, is merely imaginary and chimerical: that all which the poets have urged on this head is absolute rant and enthusiasm; and has no foundation in truth or nature. I am inclined to think otherwise. Judgment, I readily allow, derives no benefit from the noblest cordial. But persons of a phlegmatic constitution have those excellencies often suppressed, of which their imagination is truly capable, by reason of a lentor, which wine may naturally remove. It raises low spirits to a pitch necessary for the exertion of fancy. It confutes the "Non est tanti," so frequently a maxim with speculative persons. It quickens that ambition, or that social bias, which makes a person wish to shine, or to please. Ask what tradition says of Mr. Addison's conversation. But instances in point of conversation come within every one's observance. Why then may it not be allowed to produce the same effects in writing?

The affected phrases I hate most, are those on which your half-wits found their reputation. Such as "pretty trifler, fair plaintiff, lovely architect," &c.

Doctor Young has a surprising knack of bringing thoughts from a distance, from their lurking places, in a moment's time.

There is nothing so disagreeable in works of humour as an insipid, unsupported, vivacity; the very husks of drollery; bottled small-beer; a man out-riding his horse; lewdness and impotence; a fiery actor in a phlegmatic scene; an illiterate and stupid preacher discoursing upon urim and thummim, and beating the pulpit cushion in such a manner, as though he would make the dust and the truth fly out of it at once.

An editor, or a translator, collects the merits of different writers; and forming all into a wreath, bestows it on his author's tomb. The thunder of Demosthenes, the weight of Tully, the judgment of Tacitus, the elegance of Livy, the sublimity of Homer, the majesty of Virgil, the wit of Ovid, the propriety of Horace, the accuracy of Terence, the brevity of Phædrus, and the poignancy of Juvenal (with every name of note he can possibly recal to mind) are given to some ancient scribbler, in whom affectation and the love of novelty disposes him to find out beauties.

Humour and Vanbrugh against wit and Congreve.

The vacant skull of a pedant generally furnishes out a throne and temple for vanity.

May not the custom of scraping when we bow, be derived from the ancient custom of throwing their shoes backwards off their feet?

"A bird in the air shall carry the tale, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." Such is also the present phrase...."A little bird told it me"....says nurse....The preference which some give to Virgil before Homer is often owing to complexion: some are more formed to enjoy the grand; and others, the beautiful. But as for invention and sublimity, the most shining qualities of imagination, there is surely no comparison between them.....Yet I enjoy Virgil more.

Agreeable ideas rise, in proportion as they are drawn from inanimates, from vegetables, from animals, and from human creatures.

One reason why the sound is sometimes an echo to the sense, is that the pleasantest objects have often the most harmonious names annexed to them.

A man of a merely argumentative cast will read poetry as prose; will only regard the quantum it contains of solid reasoning: just as a clown attacks a desert, considering it as so much victuals, and regardless of those lively or emblematical decorations, which the

cook, for many sleepless nights, has endeavoured to bestow upon it.

Notwithstanding all that Rousseau has advanced so very ingeniously upon plays and players, their profession is, like that of a painter, one of the imitative arts, whose means are pleasure, and whose end is virtue. They both alike, for a subsistence, submit themselves to public opinion: and the dishonour that has attended the last profession, seems not easily accountable.

As there are evidently words in English poetry that have all the force of a dactyle, and, if properly inserted, have no small beauty on that account, it seems absurd to contract, or print them otherwise than at length.

"The loose wall tottering o'er the trembling shade."

OGILVY'S DAY OF JUDGMENT.

"Trembling" has also the force of a dactyle in a less degree....but cannot be written otherwise.

I have sometimes thought Virgil so remarkably musical, that were his lines read to a musician, wholly ignorant of the language, by a person of capacity to give each word its proper accent, he would not fail to distinguish in it all the graces of harmony.

I think, I can observe a peculiar beauty in the addition of a short syllable, at the end of a blank verse: I mean, however, in blank dialogue. In other poetry it is as sure to flatten; which may be discerned in Prior's translation of Callimachus, viz. ...." the holy victĭm....Dictæan, hearst thŏu....Birth, great Rheâ....Inferior reptĭle...." &c. for the translation abounds with them; and is rendered by that means prosaic.

The case is only, prose being an imitation of common life, the nature of an ode requires that it should be lifted some degrees higher.

But in dialogue, the language ought never to leave nature the least ought of sight; and especially where pity is to be produced, it appears to receive an advantage from the melancholy flow this syllable occasions. Let me produce a few instances from Otway's tragedy of the Unhappy Marriage; and, in order to form a judgment, let the reader substitute a word of equal import, but of a syllable less, in the place of the instances I produce (some instances are numberless, where they familiarize and give an ease to dialogue.

....." Sure my ill fate's upon mĕ"

...." Why was I not laid in my peaceful grave,
With my poor parents, and at rest as they ăre?

...." I never see you now....you have been kindĕr."

...." Why was I made with all my sex's softnĕss,
Yet want the cunning to conceal its folliĕs?
I'll see Castalio....tax him with his falsehood."

....." Should you charge rough,
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbĭng."

...." When thou art from me, every place is desĕrt."

....." Surely Paradise is round me,
And every sense is full of thy perfection.
To hear thee speak might calm a madman's frenzy.
'Till by attention, he forgot his sorrows."

...." 'Till good men wish him dead....or I offend hĭm."

...." And hang upon you like a drowning creature."

...." Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness."

...." Give me Chamont, and let the world forsake mĕ."

....." I've drank an healing draught
For all my cares, and never more shall wrong thĕe."

...." When I'm laid low in the cold grave forgotten,
May you be happy in a fairer bride,
But none can ever love you, like Monimia."

I should imagine, that, in some or most of these examples, a particular degree of tenderness is owing to the supernumerary syllable; yet it requires a nice ear for the disposition of it (for it must not be universal); and, with this, may give at once an harmonious flow, a natural ease, an energy, tenderness, and variety to the language.

A man of dry sound judgment attends to the truth of the proposition;....a man of ear and sensibility to the music of the versification;....a man of a well regulated taste finds the former more deeply imprinted on him, by the judicious management of the latter.

It seems to me, that what are called notes at the bottom of pages (as well as parenthesis in writing) might be generally avoided, without injuring the thread of a discourse. It is true, it might require some address to interweave them gracefully into the text; but how much more agreeable would be the effect, than to interrupt the reader by such frequent avocations? How much more graceful to play a tune upon one set of keys, with varied stops, than to seek the same variety by an awkward motion from one set to another?

It bears a little hard upon our candour, that "to take to pieces" in our language signifies the same as "to expose;" and "to expose" has a signification, which good nature can as little allow, as can the laws of etymology.

The ordinary letters from friend to friend seem capable of receiving a better turn, than mere compliment, frivolous intelligence, or professions of friendship continually repeated. The established maxim to correspond with ease, has almost excluded every useful subject. But may not excess of negligence

discover affectation, as well as its opposite extreme? There are many degrees of intermediate solidity between a Westphalia ham and a whip syllabub.

I am astonished to remark the defect of ear, which some tolerable harmonious poets discover in their Alexandrines. It seems wonderful that an error so obvious, and so very disgustful to a nice ear, should occur so frequently as the following:

> "What seraph e'er could preach
> So choice a lecture as his wond'rous virtue's lore?"

The pause being after the sixth syllable, it is plain the whole emphasis of pronunciation is thrown upon the particle *as*. It seems most amazing to me, that this should be so common a blunder.

"Simplex munditiis" has been esteemed universally to be a phrase at once very expressive, and of very difficult interpretation: at least, not very capable to be explained without circumlocution. What objection can we make to that single word "elegant," which excludes the glare and multiplicity of ornaments on one side, as much as it does dirt and rusticity on the other?

The French use the word "naive" in such a sense as to be explained by no English word; unless we will submit to restrain ourselves in the application of the word "sentimental." It means the language of passion or the heart, in opposition to the language of reflection and the head.

The most frequent mistake that is made, seems to be that of the means for the end: thus riches for happiness, and thus learning for sense. The former of these is hourly observable: and as to the latter, methinks, this age affords frequent and surprising instances.

It is with real concern, that I observe many persons of true poetical genius endeavouring to quench

their native fire, that they may exhibit learning without a single spark of it. Nor is it uncommon to see an author translate a book, when with half the pains he could write a better: but the translation favours more of learning; and gives room for notes which exhibit more.

Learning, like money, may be of so base a coin, as to be utterly void of use; or, if sterling, may require good management, to make it serve the purposes of sense or happiness.

When a nobleman has once conferred any great favour on his inferior, he ought thenceforth to consider, that his requests, his advice, and even his intimations, become commands: and to propose matters with the utmost tenderness. The person whom he obliges has otherwise lost his freedom:

> "Hâc ego si compellar immagine, cuncta resigno:
> Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altilium; nec
> Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto."

The amiable and the severe, Mr. Burke's sublime and beautiful, by different proportions, are mixed in every character. Accordingly, as either is predominant, men imprint the passions of love or fear. The best punch depends on a proper mixture of sugar and lemon.

ON MEN AND MANNERS.

THERE are many persons acquire to themselves a character of insincerity, from what is in truth mere inconstancy. And there are persons of warm, but changeable passions; perhaps the sincerest of any in the very instant they make profession, but the very least to be depended on through the short duration of all extremes. It has often puzzled me, on this account, to ascertain the character of Lady Luxborough*; yet whatever were her principles, I esteem Lord Bolingbroke's to have been the same. She seemed in all respects the female Lord Bolingbroke.

The principal, if not the only, difference betwixt honesty and honour, seems to lie in their different motives: the object of the latter being reputation; and of the former, duty.

It is the greatest comfort to the poor, whose ignorance often inclines them to an ill-grounded envy, that the rich must die as well as themselves.

The common people call wit, mirth, and fancy, folly; fanciful and folliful, they use indiscriminately. It seems to flow from hence, that they consider money as of more importance, than the persons who possess it; and that no conduct is wise, beside what has a tendency to enrich us.

One should not destroy an insect, one should not quarrel with a dog, without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality.

The trouble occasioned by want of a servant, is so much less than the plague of a bad one, as it is less painful to clean a pair of shoes than undergo an excess of anger.

* Sister to Lord Bolingbroke: with her the author had enjoyed a *literary* correspondence.

The fund of sensible discourse is limited; that of jest and badinerie is infinite. In many companies, then, where nothing is to be learned, it were, perhaps, better to get upon the familiar footing: to give and take in the way of raillery.

When a wife or mistress lives as in a jail, the person that confines her lives the life of a jailor.

There seems some analogy betwixt a person's manner in every action of his life.

Lady Luxborough's hand-writing was, at the same time, delicate and masculine. Her features, her air, her understanding, her motions, and her sentiments, were the same. Mr. W....., in the same respects, delicate, but not masculine. Mr. G....., rather more delicate than masculine. Mr. J....., rather more masculine than delicate. And this, in regard to the three last, extends to their drawing, versification, &c. &c. &c.

Riches deserve the attention of young persons rather than old ones; though the practice is otherwise.

To consume one's time and fortune at once, without pleasure, recompence, or figure, is like pouring forth one's spirits rather in phlebotomy than enjoyment.

Parents are generally partial to great vivacity in their children, and are apt to be more or less fond of them in proportion to it. Perhaps, there cannot be a symptom less expressive of future judgment and solidity. It seems thoroughly to preclude not only depth of penetration, but also delicacy of sentiment. Neither does it seem any way consistent with a sensibility of pleasure, notwithstanding all external appearances. It is a mere greyhound puppy in a warren, that runs at all truths, and at all sorts of pleasure; but does not allow itself time to be successful in securing any. It is a busy bee, whose whole time passes away in mere flight from flower to flow-

er; without resting upon any a sufficient time to gather honey.

The queen of Sweden declared, "She did not love men as men; but merely because they were not women." What a spirited piece of satire!

In mixed conversation, or amongst persons of no great knowledge, one indulges one's self in discourse that is neither ingenious nor significant. Vapid frivolous chit chat serves to pass away time. But corked up again in retirement, we recover our wonted strength, spirit, and flavour.

The making presents to a lady one addresses, is like throwing armour into an enemy's camp, with a resolution to recover it.

He that lies a-bed all a summer's morning, loses the chief pleasure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

Spleen is often little else than obstructed perspiration.

The regard, men externally profess for their superiors, is oftentimes rewarded....in the manner it deserves.

Methinks, all men should meet with a respect due to as high a character as they can act becomingly.

Shining characters are not always the most agreeable ones. The mild radiance of an emerald is by no means less pleasing than the glare of a ruby.

Mankind suffers more by the conflict of contrary passions, than that of passion and reason: yet, perhaps, the truest way to quench one passion is to kindle up another.

Prudent men should lock up their motives, giving only their intimates a key.

The country esquire limits his ambition to a preeminence in the knowledge of horses; that is, of an animal that may convey him with credit, ease, and *safety, the little* journeys he has to go. The philo-

sopher directs his ambition to some well-grounded science, which may with the same ease, credit, and safety, transport him through every stage of being; so that he may not be overthrown by passion, nor trailed insipidly along by apathy.

Tom Tweedle played a good fiddle; but, nothing satisfied with the inconsiderable appellation of a fiddler, dropped the practice, and is now no character.

The best time to frame an answer to the letters of a friend, is the moment you receive them. Then the warmth of friendship, and the intelligence received, most forcibly co-operate.

The philosophers and ancient sages, who declaimed against the vanity of all external advantages, seem in an equal degree to have countenanced and authorized the mental ones, or they would condemn their own example.

Superiority in wit is more frequently the cause of vanity than superiority of judgment; as the person that wears an ornamental sword, is ever more vain than he that wears an useful one.

The person who has a superiority in wit is enabled, by the means of it, to see his superiority: hence a deference expected, and offence taken upon the failure. Add to this that wit, considered as fancy, renders all the passions more sensible; the love of fame more remarkably so; and you have some sort of reason for the revenge taken by wits upon those who neglect them.

In the quarrels of our friends, it is incumbent on us to take a part....in the quarrels of mere acquaintance, it is needless, and perhaps impertinent.

When I have purchased aught by way of mere amusement, your reflexion upon the cost not only intimates the bargain I have made to be a bad one, but tends to make it so.

'Had I the money those paintings cost,' says Torpor, 'methinks I would have discovered some bet-

ter method of disposing of it.' "And in what would you have expended it?" 'I would buy some fine horses.' "But you have already what answer your purpose!" 'Yes, but I have a peculiar fancy for a fine horse.' "And have not I who bought these pictures, the same argument on my side?" The truth is, he who extols his own amusements, and condemns another person's, unless he does it as they bear relation to virtue or vice, will at all times find himself at a loss for an argument.

People of real genius have strong passions; people of strong passions have great partialities; such as Mr. Pope for Lord Bolingbroke, &c. Persons of slow parts have languid passions, and persons of languid passions have little partiality. They neither love, nor hate, nor look, nor move with the energy of a man of sense. The faults of the former should be balanced with their excellencies: and the blamelessness of the latter should be weighed with their insignificancy. Happiness and virtue are, perhaps, generally dispensed with more equality than we are aware.

Extreme volatile and sprightly tempers seem inconsistent with any great enjoyment. There is too much time wasted in the mere transition from one object to another. No room for those deep impressions, which are made alone by the duration of an idea; and are quite requisite to any strong sensation, either of pleasure or of pain. The bee to collect honey, or the spider to gather poison, must abide some time upon the weed or flower. They whose fluids are mere sal volatile, seem rather cheerful than happy men. The temper above described, is oftener the lot of wits, than of persons of great abilities.

There are no persons more solicitious about the preservation of rank, than those who have no rank at all. Observe the humours of a country christening; and you will find no court in Christendom so ceremonious as the quality of Brentford.

Critics will sometimes prefer the faulty state of a composition to the improved one, through mere perverseness: In like manner, some will extol a person's past conduct, to depreciate his present. These are some of the numerous shifts and machinations of envy.

Trees afford us the advantage of shade in summer, as well as fuel in winter; as the same virtue allays the fervour of intemperate passion in our youth, and serves to comfort and keep us warm amid the rigours of old age.

The term indecision, in a man's character, implies an idea very nicely different from that of irresolution: yet it has a tendency to produce it; and like that, has often its original in excessive delicacy and refinement.

Persons of proud yet abject spirits will despise you for those distresses, for which the generous mind will pity, and endeavour to befriend you; a hint, to whom only you should disclose, and from whom you should conceal them. Yet, perhaps, in general, it may be prudent to conceal them from persons of an opposite party.

The sacrificing of our anger to our interest is often-times no more, than the exchange of a painful passion for a pleasurable.

There are not five in five hundred that pity, but, at the same time, also despise; a reason that you should be cautious to whom and where you complain. The farthest a prudent man should proceed in general, is to laugh at some of his own foibles: when this may be a means of removing envy from the more important parts of his character.

Effeminancy of appearance, and an excessive attention to the minute parts of dress, is, I believe, properly, in the general run, esteemed a symptom of irresolution. But, yet, instances are seen to abound in the French nation to the contrary. And in our

own, that of Lord Mark Kerr was an instance equal to a thousand. A snuff-box hinge, rendered invisible, was an object on which his happiness appeared to turn; which, however, might be clouded by a speck of dirt, or wounded by a hole in the heel of his stocking. Yet this man's intrepidity was shewn beyond all contradiction. What shall we say then of Mr. Gray, of manners very delicate, yet possessed of a poetical vein fraught with the noblest and sublimest images, and of a mind remarkably well stored with the more masculine parts of learning?.... Here, perhaps, we must remain in suspense....For though taste does not imply manners, so neither does it preclude them: or what hinders, that a man should feel that same delicacy in regard to real honour, which he does in regard to dress?

If beneficence be not in a person's will, what imports it to mankind; that it is ever so much in his power? And yet we see how much more regard is generally paid to a worthless man of fortune, than to the most benevolent beggar that ever uttered an ineffectual blessing. It is all agreeable to Mr. Burke's thesis, that the formidable idea of power affects more deeply than the most beautiful image we can conceive of moral virtue.

A person that is not merely stupid, is naturally under the influence of the acute passions, or the slow.... The principle of revenge is meant for the security of the individual; and supposing a person has not courage to put it immediately into practice, he commonly strives to make himself remarkable for the perseverance of his resentment. Both these have the same motive to impress a dread upon our enemies of injuring us for the future: and though the world be more inclined to favour the rash than the phlegmetic enemy, it is hard to say which of the two has given rise to more dismal consequences....The reason of this partiality may be deduced from the same original, as

the preference that is given to down-right impudence before hypocrisy. To be cheated into an ill-placed esteem, or to be underminded by concealed malignity, discovers a contempt for our understanding, and lessens the idea we entertain of it ourselves. They hurt our pride more than open violence, or undisguised impudence.

King James the First, willing to involve the regal power in mystery, that, like natural objects, it might appear greater through the fog, declared it presumption for a subject to say, " what a king might do in the fullness of his power."....This was absurd ; but it seems presumption in a man of the world, to say what means a man of genius may think instrumental to his happiness. W..... used to say, it was presumption for him to make conjectures on the occasion. A person of refinement seems to have his pleasures distinct from the common run of men: what the world calls important, is to him wholly frivolous ; and what the world esteems frivolous, seems essential to his tranquillity.

The apparatus of a funeral among the middle rank of people, and sometimes among the great, has one effect that is not frivolous. It in some measure dissipates and draws off the attention from the main object of concern. Weaker minds find a sort of relief in being compelled to give directions about the manner of interment: and the great solemnity of the hearse, plumes, and escutcheons, though they add to the force of terror, diminish that of simple grief.

There are some people whom you cannot regard though they seem desirous to oblige you; nay, even though they do you actual services. This is the case wherever their sentiments are too widely different from your own. Thus a person truly avaricious can never make himself truly agreeable to one enamoured with the arts and sciences. A person of exquisite sensibility and tenderness can never be truly

pleased with another of no feelings; who can see the most intimate of his friends or kindred expire without any greater pain than if he beheld a pitcher broken. These, properly speaking, can be said to feel nothing but the point of a sword; and one could more easily pardon them, if this apathy were the effect of philosophy, and not want of thought. But what I would inculcate is, with tempers thus different one should never attempt any close connexion:

> " Lupis et agnis quanta sortito obtigit,
> " Tecum mihi discordia est."

Yet it may be a point of prudence to shew them civility, and allow a toleration to their various propensities. To converse much with them would not only be painful, but tend to injure your own disposition: and to aim at obtaining their applause, would only make your character inconsistent.

There are some people who find a gloomy kind of pleasure in glouting, which could hardly be encreased by the satisfaction of having their wishes granted. This is, seemingly, a bad character, and yet often connected with a sense of honour, of conscious merit, with warm gratitude, great sincerity, and many other valuable qualities.

There is a degree of understanding in women, with which one not only ought to be contented, but absolutely pleased....One would not, in them, require the unfathomable abyss.

The worst consequence of gratifying our passions, in regard to objects of an indifferent nature, is, that it causes them to proceed with greater violence towards other and other objects; and so ad infinitum. I wish, for my pocket, an elegant etui; and gold to remove the pain of wishing, and partake the pleasure of enjoyment. I would part with the purchase money, for which I have less regard; but the grati-

fication of this wish would generate fifty others, that would be ruinous. See Epictetus; who, therefore, advises to resist the first.

Virtue and agreeableness are, I fear, too often separated; that is, externals effect and captivate the fancy, where internal worth is wanting, to engage and attach one's reason....A most perplexing circumstance; and no where more remarkable, than when we see a wise man totally enslaved by the beauty of a person he despises.

I know not whether encreasing years do not cause one to esteem fewer people, and to bear with more.

Quere, whether friendship for the sex do not tend to lessen the sensual appetite; and vice versâ.

I think, I never knew an instance of great quickness of parts being joined with great solidity. The most rapid rivers are seldom or never deep.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, discovers at the same time a bad disposition and a bad taste.

There are persons who slide insensibly into a habit of contradiction. Their first endeavour, upon hearing aught asserted, is to discover wherein it may be plausibly disputed. This, they imagine, gives an air of great sagacity; and if they can mingle a jest with contradiction, think they display great superiority. One should be cautious against the advances of this kind of propensity, which loses us friends in a matter generally of no consequence.

The solicitude of peers to preserve, or to exalt, their rank, is esteemed no other than a manly and becoming ambition. The care of commoners, on the same subject, is deemed either vanity, formality, or pride.

An income for life only seems the best calculated for the circumstances and situation of mortal man; the farther property in an estate encreases the difficulty of disengaging our affections from this world,

and of thinking in a manner we ought to think of a system from which we must be entirely separated:

" I trust that sinking fund, my life." POPE.

Surprize quickens enjoyment, and expectation banishes surprize; this is the simple reason, why few pleasures, that have engrossed our attention previously, ever answer our ideas of them. Add to this, that imagination is a great magnifier, and causes the hopes we conceive to grow too large for their object.... Thus expectation does not only destroy the advantage of surprize, and so flattens pleasure; but makes up hope for an imaginary addition, which gives the pain of disappointment.

ON RELIGION.

PERHAPS, we should not pray to God "to keep us stedfast in any faith;" but conditionally, that it be a right one.

When a tree is falling, I have seen the labourers, by a trivial jerk with a rope, throw it upon the spot where they would wish it should lie. Divines, understanding this text too literally, pretend, by a little interposition in the article of death, to regulate a person's everlasting happiness. I fancy, the allusion will hardly countenance their presumption.

When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments: when to those of our own sect, we call them trials: when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the settled course of things.

In regard to church-music, if a man cannot be said to be merry or good-humoured when he is tickled till he laughs, why should he be esteemed devout or pious when he is tweedled into zeal by the drone pipe of an organ?....In answer to this it may be said, that if such an elevation of the spirits be not meritorious, be not devotion, yet it is attended with good consequences; as it leaves a good impression upon the mind, favourable to virtue and a religious life.

The rich man, adjoining to his country-seat, erects a chapel, as he pretends, to God Almighty, but in truth to his own vain-glory; furnishes it with luxurious conveniences, for prayers that will be never said. The poor man kneels by his bedside, and goes to heaven before him.

I should think, a clergyman might distinguish himself by composing a set of sermons upon the ordinary virtues extolled in classic writers, introducing the ornamental flourishes of Horace, Juvenal, &c.

1. Against family pride, might be taken from Juvenal's "Stemmata quid faciunt," Horace's "Non quia Mæcenas," and Marius's speech in Sallust. The text "Is not this Joseph the carpenter's son?"

2. A sermon upon the advantages of competency, contentment, and rural life, might be abundantly embellished from the classics, and would be both grateful and serviceable to the common people: as the chief passion from which they suffer is envy, I believe, misplaced.

3. Another might be calculated for each season of the year; illustrating the wisdom, the power, and the benevolence of Providence....How idle to forego such fair and peaceable subjects, for the sake of widening the breach betwixt grace and works, predestination and election; solving the revelations; or ascertaining the precise nature of Urim and Thummim!

It is a common argument amongst divines, in the behalf of a religious life, that a contrary behaviour has such consequences when we come to die. It is indeed true, but seems an argument of a subordinate kind: the article of death is more frequently of short duration. Is it not a stronger persuasive, that virtue makes us happy daily, and removes the fear of death from our lives antecedently, than that it smooths the pillow of a death-bed?

It is a question whether the remaining superstitions among the vulgar of the English nation ought wholly to be removed: the notion of a ghost's appearance for the discovery of murder, or any flagrant act of injustice; "that what is got over the devil's back will be spent under his belly;" "that cards are the devil's books," &c.

If there be numbers of people that murder and devour their species; that have contradictory notions of beauty; that have deemed it meritorious to offer up human sacrifices; to leave their parents in deserts of wild beasts; to expose their offspring as soon as born, &c. &c. there should seem to be no universal moral sense; and of consequence, none.

It is not now, "We have seen his star in the east," but "We have seen the star on his breast, and are come to worship him."

It is said, I believe justly enough, that crimes appear less heinous to a person that is about committing them, than to his conscience afterwards. Is then the crime to be imputed to him in the degree he foresaw it, or in that he reflects upon it? perhaps the one and the other may incline towards an extreme.

The word "Religio" amongst the Romans, and the word "Church" among the Christians, seem to have more interpretations than almost any other. "Malus procidit, eâ religione moti."....Livy, p. 1150, vol. II. Here religion seems to mean prodigy.... "Si quis tale sacrum solenne duceret, ne se sine re-

ligione et piaculo id omittere posse." Livy, 1157. Here it seemingly means impiety: "Piaculum" being such an offence as required expiatory sacrifices,

"Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum."

Here it means superstition, as it does often in Lucretius.

The pope's wanton excommunications; his capricious pardon of sins; his enormous indulgences, and other particulars of like nature, shew that whatever religions may practice cruelty, it is peculiarly the church that makes a jest of God Almighty.

The word Church has these different senses:

1. A set of people ordained to assist at divine service.

2. The members of a certain religious profession, including clergy and laity.

3. A large piece of building, dedicated to the service of God, and furnished with proper conveniences for those who meet to worship him.

4. A body of people, who too frequently harass and infect the laity according to law, and who conceal their real names under that of a spiritual court.

How ready have all nations been, after having allowed a proper portion of laud and praise to their own abilities, to attribute their success in war to the peculiar favour of a just Providence! Perhaps, this construction, as it is often applied, argues more of presumption than gratitude. In the first place, such is the partiality of the human heart, that, perhaps two hostile nations may alike rely upon the justice of their cause; and which of the two has the better claim to it, none but Providence can itself discover. In the next, it should be observed, that success by no means demonstrates justice. Again, we must not wholly forget to consider, that success may be no more than *a means* of destruction. And lastly, supposing suc-

cess to be really and absolutely good, do we find that individuals are always favoured with it in proportion to their desert ; and if not individuals, why must we then suppose it to be the uniform recompence of society ?

It is often given as a reason why it is incumbent on God Almighty's justice, to punish or reward societies in this world, because, hereafter, they cannot be punished or rewarded, on account of their desolation. It is, indeed, true that human vengeance must act frequently in the gross ; and whenever a government declares war against a foreign society, or finds it needful to chastise any part of its own, must of necessity involve some innocent individuals, with the guilty. But it does not appear so evident, that an omniscient and omnipotent Being, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and is able to make a distinction in his punishments, will judge his unhappy creatures by these indiscriminate and imperfect laws.

Societies then are to be considered as the casual or arbitrary assortments of human institution. To suppose that God Almighty will, by means of punishments, often called judgments, destroy them promiscuously, is to suppose that he will regulate his government according to the cabals of human wisdom. I mean to be understood here, with regard to what are called judgments, or, in other words, præternatural interpositions of Providence. In a natural way the constitution of the universe requires, that the good must often suffer with the bad part of society. But in regard to judgments upon whole bodies (which we have days appointed to deprecate) let us introduce a case, which may serve to illustrate the improbability.

Societies, I suppose then, are not divine, but human bundles.

Imagine a man to mix a large quantity of sand and gunpowder ; then parcel out the composition into dif-

ferent heaps, and apply fire to them separately. The fire, it is very obvious, would take no notice of the bundles; would by no means consume, here and there, a bundle in the gross, but would affect that part of every portion that was combustible.

It may speciously enough be said, what greater injustice is it to punish a society promiscuously, than to involve an innocent son in the punishment due to a sinful father? to this I answer, the natural system (which ye need not doubt, upon the whole, is right) occasions both the good and bad to suffer many times indiscriminately. But they go much farther....They say God, as it were, interferes, in opposition to the settled course of things, to punish and include societies in one promiscuous vengeance. Were he to inflict extraordinary punishments distinct from those which sin entails upon us, he surely would not regulate them by mere human assortments, but would make the juster distinction of good and evil individuals.

Neither do I see why it is so necessary, that societies, either here or hereafter, should be punished as societies. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

How happy may a lord bishop render a peasant at the hour of death, by bestowing on him his blessing, and giving him assurance of salvation? It is the same with regard to religious opinions in general. They may be confirmed and established to their hearts content, because they assent implicitly to the opinions of men who, they think, should know. A person of distinguished parts and learning has no such advantages; friendless, wavering, solitary, and through his very situation, incapable of much assistance: if the rustic's tenor of behaviour approach nearer to the brutes, he also appears to approach nearer to their happiness.

You pray for happiness....consider the situation or disposition of your mind at the time, and you will find it naturally tends to produce it.

In travelling, one contrives to allow day-light for the worse part of the road. But in life, how hard is it, that every unhappiness seems united towards the close of our journey! pain, fatigue, and want of spirits; when spirits are more immediately necessary to our support! of which nothing can supply the place beside religion and philosophy! But then the foundation must be laid in meditation and enquiry! at an unmolested season when our faculties are strong and vigorous; or the tempest will most probably throw down the superstructure.

How is a mean said to be guilty of incredulity? Are there not sizes of understandings adapted to the different sorts, and as it were sizes of narrations?

Conscience is adscititious; I mean, influenced by conviction, which may be well or ill grounded; therefore no certain test of truth: but at most times a very faithful and a very prudent admonitor.

The attraction of bodies and social affection of minds seem in many respects analagous.

Attractions of either kind are less perspicuous, and less perceptible, through a variety of counter attractions that diminish their effect. Were two persons to meet in Ispahan, though quite strangers to each other here, would they not go near to feel a kind of friendship, on the single score of their being Englishmen? would they not pass a cheerful evening together over rice and sherbett?....In like manner, suppose two or three contemporaries only to meet on the surface of the globe, amid myriads of persons of all other ages whatsoever, would they not discover a mutual tenderness, even though they had been enemies when living. What then remains, but that we revive the memory of such relations now, in order to quicken our benevolence? that we are all country-

men, is a consideration that is more commonly inculcated, and limits our benevolence to a smaller number also. That we are contemporaries, and persons whom future history shall unite, who, great part of us, however imperceptibly, receive and confer reciprocal benefits; this, with every other circumstance that tends to heighten our philanthropy, should be brought to mind as much as possible, during our abode upon earth. Hereafter it may be just and requisite to comprehend all ages of mankind.

The best notion we can conceive of God, may be, that he is to the creation what the soul is to the body:

...." Deus est quodcunque vides, ubicunque moveris."

What is man, while we reflect upon a Deity, whose very words are works; and all whose works are wonders!

Prayer is not used to inform, for God is omniscient; not to move compassion, for God is without passion; not to shew our gratitude, for God knows our hearts. ....May not a man, that has true notions, be a pious man though he be silent?

To honour God, is to conceive right notions of him, says some ancient that I have forgot.

I know not how Mr. Pope's assertion is consistent with the scheme of a particular Providence:

....." The Almighty cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws."

What one understands by a general Providence, is that attention of the Almighty to the works of his creation, by which they pursue their original course, without deviating into such eccentric notions as must immediately tend to the destruction of it. Thus a philosopher is enabled to foretel eclipses with precision; and a stone thrown upward drops uniformly to the ground. Thus an injury wakes resentment;

and good office endears to us our benefactor. And it seems no unworthy idea of Omnipotence, perhaps, to suppose he at first constituted a system, that stood in no need either of his counteracting or suspending the first laws of motion.

But, after all, the mind remains; and we can shew it to be either impossible, or improbable, that God directs the will? Now whether the divine Being occasions a ruin to fall miraculously, or in direct opposition to the ordinary laws of nature, upon the head of Chartres....or whether he inclines Chartres to go near a wall whose centre of gravity is unsupported, makes no material difference.

ON TASTE.

I BELIEVE that, generally speaking, persons eminent in one branch of taste, have the principles of the rest; and to try this, I have often solicited a stranger to hum a tune, and have seldom failed of success. This, however, does not extend to talents beyond the sphere of taste; and Handel was evidently wrong, when he fancied himself born to command a troop of horse.

Mankind, in general, may be divided into persons of understanding and persons of genius; each of which all admit of many subordinate degrees. By persons of understanding, I mean persons of sound judgment; formed for mathematical deductions and clear argumentation. By persons of genius, I would characterize those in whom true and genuine fancy predominates; and this whether assisted or not by cultivation.

I have thought that genius and judgment may, in some respects, be represented by a liquid and a solid.

The former is, generally speaking, remarkable for its sensibility, but then loses its impression soon: the latter is less susceptible of impression but retains it longer.

Dividing the world into an hundred parts, I am apt to believe the calculation might be thus adjusted:

Pedants	15
Persons of common sense	40
Wits	15
Fools	15
Persons of a wild uncultivated taste	10
Persons of original taste, improved by art	5

There is hardly any thing so uncommom, as a true native taste improved by education.

The object of taste is corporeal beauty; for though there is manifestly a τὸ πρέπον; a "pulchrum," an "honestum," and "decorum," in moral actions; and although a man of taste that is not virtuous commits a greater violence upon his sentiments than any other person; yet, in the ordinary course of speaking, a person is not termed a man of taste, merely because he is a man of virtue.

All beauty may be divided into absolute and relative, and what is compounded of both.

It is not uncommon to hear a modern Quixote insist upon the superiority of his idol or Dulcinea; and, not content to pay his own tribute of adoration, demand that of others in favor of her accomplishments. Those of grave and sober sense cannot avoid wondering at a difference of opinions, which are in truth supported by no criterion.

Every one, therefore, ought to fix some measure of beauty, before he grows eloquent upon the subject.

Every thing seems to derive its pretentions to beauty, on account of its colour, smoothness, variety, uniformity, partial resemblance to something

else, proportion, or suitableness to the end proposed, some connexion of ideas, or a mixture of all these.

As to the beauty of colours, their present effect seems in proportion to their impulse; and scarlet, were it not for habit, would affect an Indian before all other colours.

Resemblances wrought by art; pictures, bustos, statues, please.

Columns, proportioned to their incumbent weight; but herein we suppose homogeneous materials; it is otherwise, in case we know that a column is made of iron.

Habit, herein, seems to have an influence to which we can affix no bounds. Suppose the generality of mankind formed with a mouth from ear to ear, and that it were requisite in point of respiration, would not the present make of mouths have subjected a man to the name of Bocha Chica?

It is probable, that a clown would require more colours in his Chloe's face, than a courtier.

We may see daily the strange effects of habit, in respect of fashion. To what colours, or proportions, does it not reconcile us!

Conceit is false taste; and very widely different from no taste at all.

Beauty of person should, perhaps, be estimated according to the proportion it bears to such a make and features as are most likely to produce the love of the opposite sex. The look of dignity, the look of wisdom, the look of delicacy and refinement, seem in some measure foreign. Perhaps, the appearance of sensibility may be one ingredient; and that of health, another. At least, a cadaverous countenance is the most disgusting in the world.

I know not, if one reason of the different opinions concerning beauty be not owing to self-love. People are apt to form some criterion, from their own persons, or possessions. A tall person approves the

look of a folio or octavo: a square thick-set man is more delighted with a quarto. This instance, at least, may serve to explain what I intend.

I believe, it sometimes happens that a person may have what the artists call an ear and an eye, without taste: for instance, a man may sometimes have a quickness in distinguishing the similitude or difference of lines and sounds, without any skill to give the proper preference betwixt the combinations of them.

Taste produces different effects upon different complexions. It consists, as I have often observed, in the appetite and the discernment; then most properly so called, when they are united in equal proportions.

Where the discernment is predominant, a person is pleased with fewer objects, and requires perfection in what he sees. Where the appetite prevails, he is so much attached to beauty, that he feels a gratification in every degree in which it is manifested. I frankly own myself to be of this latter class: I love painting and statuary so well, as to be not undelighted with moderate performances.

The reason people vary in their opinions of a portrait, I mean with regard to the resemblance it bears to the original, seems no other than that they lay stress on different features in the original; and this different stress is owing to different complexions of mind.

People of little or no taste commend a person for its corpulency. I cannot see, why an excrescence of belly, cheek, or chin, should be deemed more beautiful than a wen on any other part of the body. Through a connexion of ideas, it may form the beauty of a pig or an ox.

There seems a pretty exact analogy between the objects and the senses. Some tunes, some tastes, some visible objects, please at first, and that only;

others only by degrees, and then long....(Raspberry-jelly....Green-tea....Alley-Croaker....Air in Ariadne ....a Baron's Robe....and a Bishop's Lawn.) Perhaps, some of these instances may be ill enough chosen; but the thing is true.

Tunes, with words, please me the more in proportion as they approach nearer to the natural accent of the words to which they are assigned. Scotch tunes often end high: their language does the same.

To how very great a degree the appearance of health alone is beauty, I am not able to determine. I presume the most regular and well-proportioned form of limbs and features is at the same time the most healthful one: the fittest to perform the functions and operations of the body. If so, a perfectly healthful form is a perfectly beautiful form....Health is beauty, and the most perfect health is the most perfect beauty. To have recourse to experience: the most sickly and cadaverous countenance is the least provocative to love; or rather the most inconsistent with it. A florid look, to appear beautiful, must be the bloom of health, and not the glow of a fever.

An obvious connexion may be traced betwixt moral and physical beauty; the love of symmetry and the love of virtue; an elegant taste and perfect honesty. We may, we must, rise from the love of natural to that of moral beauty: such is the conclusion of Plato, and of my Lord Shaftesbury.

Wherever there is a want of tase, we generally observe a love of money, and cunning: and whenever taste prevails, a want of prudence, and an utter disregard to money.

Taste (or a just relish of beauty) seems to distinguish us from the brute creation, as much as intellect, or reason. We do not find that brutes have any sensation of this sort. A bull is goaded by the love of sex in general, without the least appearance

of any distinction in favour of the more beautiful individual. Accordingly men devoid of taste are in a great measure indifferent as to make, complexion, feature; and find a difference of sex sufficient to excite their passion in all its fervor. It is not thus where there is a taste for beauty, either accurate or erroneous. The person of a good taste requires real beauty in the object of his passion; and the person of bad taste requires something which he substitutes in the place of beauty.

Persons of taste, it has been asserted, are also the best qualified to distinguish, and the most prone to admire, moral virtue: nor does it invalidate this maxim, that their practice does not correspond. The power of acting virtuously depends in a great measure upon withstanding a present, and perhaps sensual, gratification, for the sake of a more distant and intellectual satisfaction. Now, as persons of fine taste are men of the strongest sensual appetites, it happens that in balancing present and future, they are apt enough to allow an unreasonable advantage to the former. On the other hand, a more phlegmatic character may, with no greater self-denial, allow the future fairer play. But let us wave the merely sensual indulgences; and let us consider the man of taste in regard to points of meum and tuum; in regard to the virtues of forgiveness; in regard to charity, compassion, munificence, and magnanimity; and we cannot fail to vote his taste the glorious triumph which it deserves.

There is a kind of counter-taste, founded on surprize and curiosity, which maintains a sort of rivalship with the true; and may be expressed by the name Concetto. Such is the fondness of some persons for a knife-haft made from the royal oak, or a tobacco stopper from a mulberry-tree of Shakspeare's own planting. It gratifies an empty curiosity. Such is the casual resemblance of Apollo and the nine

muses in a piece of agate; a dog expressed in feathers, or a woodcock in mohair. They serve to give surprize. But a just fancy will no more esteem a picture because it proves to be produced by shells, than a writer would prefer a pen because a person made it with his toes. In all such cases, difficulty should not be allowed to give a casting weight; nor a needle be considered as a painter's instrument, when he is so much better furnished with a pencil*.

Perhaps no print, or even painting, is capable of producing a figure answerable to the idea which poetry or history has given of great men: a Cicero, for instance, a Homer, a Cato, or an Alexander. The same, perhaps, is true of the grandeur of some ancient buildings....And the reason is, that the effects of a pencil are distinct and limited, whereas the descriptions of the pen leave the imagination room to expatiate; and Burke has made it extremely obvious, that indistinctness of outline is one source of the sublime.

What an absurdity is it, in framing even prints, to suffer a margin of white paper to appear beyond the ground; destroying half the relievo the lights are intended to produce! Frames ought to contrast with paintings; or to appear as distinct as possible: for which reason, frames of wood inlaid, or otherwise varigated with colours, are less suitable than gilt ones, which, exhibiting an appearance of metal, afford the best contrast with colour.

The peculiar expression in some portraits is owing to the greater or less manifestation of the soul in some of the features.

* Cornelius Ketel, born at Gonda in 1548; landed in England 1573; settled at Amsterdam 1581; took it into his head to grow famous by painting with his fingers instead of pencils.... The whim took....His success increased....His fingers appearing too easy tools, he then undertook to paint with his feet.....See H. Walpole's Book of Painters.

There is, perhaps, a sublime, and a beautiful, in the very make of a face, exclusive of any particular expression of the soul; or, at least, not expressive of any other than a tame dispassionate one. We see often what the world calls regular features, and a good complexion, almost totally unanimated by any discovery of the temper or understanding. Whenever the regularity of feature, beauty or complexion, the strong expression of sagacity and generosity, concur in one face, the features are irresistible.

But even here it is to be observed, that a sort of sympathy has a prodigious bias....Thus a pensive beauty, with regular features and complexion, will have the preference with a spectator of the pensive cast: and so of the rest.

The soul appears to me to discover herself most in the mouth and eyes; with this difference, that the mouth seems the more expressive of the temper and the eye of the understanding.

Is a portrait, supposing it as like as can be to the person for whom it is drawn, a more or less beautiful object than the original face? I should think, a perfect face must be much more pleasing than any representation of it; and a set of ugly features much more ugly than the most exact resemblance that can be drawn of them. Painting can do much by means of shades; but not equal the force of real relievo: on which account, it may be the advantage of bad features to have their effect diminished; but surely, never can be the interest of good ones.

Softness of manner seems to be in painting, what smoothness of syllables is in language, affecting the sense of sight or hearing, previous to any correspondent passion.

The "theory of agreeable sensations" founds them upon the greatest activity or exercise an object occasions to the senses, without proceeding to fatigue. *Violent contrasts* are upon the footing of roughness

or inequality....Harmony or similitude, on the other hand, are somewhat congenial to smoothness. In other words, these two recommend themselves; the one to our love of action, the other to our love of rest. A medium, therefore, may be most agreeable to the generality.

An harmony in colours seems as requisite, as a variety of lines seems necessary to the pleasure we expect from outward forms. The lines, indeed, should be well varied; but yet the opposite sides of any thing should shew a balance, or an appearance of equal quantity, if we would strive to please a well-constituted taste.

It is evident enough to me, that persons often occur, who may be said to have an ear to music, and an eye for proportions in visible objects, who nevertheless can hardly be said to have a relish or taste for either. I mean, that a person may distinguish notes and tones to a nicety, and yet not give a discerning choice to what is preferable in music. The same in objects of sight.

On the other hand, they cannot have a proper feeling of beauty or harmony, without a power of discriminating those notes and proportions on which harmony and beauty so fully depend.

What is said, in a treatise lately published for beauty's being more common than deformity (and seemingly with excellent reason), may be also said for virtue's being more common than vice.

Quere, Whether beauty do not require as much an opposition of lines, as it does an harmony of colours?

The passion for antiquity, as such, seems in some measure opposite to the taste for beauty or perfection. It is rather the foible of a lazy and pusillanimous disposition, looking back and resting with pleasure on the steps by which we have arrived thus far, than the bold and enterprising spirit of a genius, *whose ambition* fires him only to reach the goal.

Such as is described (on another occasion) in t... ...ous and active charioteer of Horace:

" .....hunc atque hunc superare laboret.
" Instat equis auriga suos vincentibus; illum
" Præteritum temnens extremos inter euntem."

Again, the

" Nil actum reputans, si quid restaret agendum" is the least applicable, of any character, to a mere antiquarian; who, instead of endeavouring to improve or to excel, contents himself, perhaps, with discovering the very name of a first inventor; or with tracing back an art that is flourishing, to the very first source of its original deformity.

I have heard it claimed by adepts in music, that the pleasure it imparts to a natural ear, which owes little or nothing to cultivation, is by no means to be compared to what they feel themselves from the most perfect composition....The state of question may be best explained by a recourse to objects that are analagous....Is a country fellow less struck with beauty than a philosopher or an anatomist, who knows how that beauty is produced? Surely no. On the other hand, an attention to the effect....They may, indeed, feel a pleasure of another sort....The faculty of reason may obtain some kind of balance, for what the more sensible faculty of the imagination loses.

I am much inclined to suppose our ideas of beauty depend greatly upon habit....what I mean is, upon the familiarity with objects which we happen to have seen since we came into the world....Our taste for uniformity, from what we have observed in the individual parts of nature, a man, a tree, a beast, a bird, or insect, &c....our taste for regularity from what is within our power to observe in the several perfections of the whole system.

A landscape, for instance, is always irregular, and *to use regularity* in painting, or gardening, would

make our work unnatural and disagreeable. Thus we allow beauty to the different, and almost opposite, proportions of all animals.

There is, I think, a beauty in some forms, independent of any use to which they can be applied. I know not whether this may not be resolved into smoothness of surface; with variety to a certain degree, that is comprehensible without much difficulty.

As to the dignity of colours, quere, whether those that affect the eye most forcibly, for instance, scarlet, may not claim the first place; allowing their beauty to cloy soonest; and other colours, the next, according to their impulse; allowing them to produce a more durable pleasure?

It may be convenient to divide beauty into the absolute and relative. Absolute is that abovementioned. Relative is that by which an object pleases, through the relative it bears to some other.

Our taste of beauty is, perhaps, compounded of all the ideas that have entered the imagination from our birth. This seems to occasion the different opinions that prevail concerning it. For instance, a foreign eye esteems those features and dresses handsome, which we think deformed.

Is it not then likely that those who have seen most objects, throughout the universe, "cæteris paribus," will be the most impartial judges: because they will judge truest of the general proportion which was intended by the Creator; and is best.

The beauty of most objects is partly of the absolute and partly of the relative kind. A Corinthian pillar has some beauty dependent on its variety and smoothness: which I would call absolute; it has also a relative beauty, dependent on its taperness and foliage; which, authors say, was first copied from the leaves of plants, and the shape of a tree.

Uniformity should, perhaps, be added as another source of absolute beauty (when it appears in one sin-

gle object). I do not know any other reason, but that it renders the whole more easily comprehended. It seems that nature herself considers it as beauty, as the external parts of the human frame are made uniform to please the sight ; which is rarely the case of the internal, that are not seen.

Hutchinson determines absolute beauty to depend on this and on variety : and says it is in a compound ratio of both. Thus an octagon excels a square : and a square, a figure of unequal sides : but carry variety to an extreme, and it loses its effect. For instance, multiply the number of angles till the mind loses the uniformity of parts, and the figure is less pleasing ; or, as it approaches nearer to a round, it may be said to be robbed of its variety.

But, amidst all these eulogiums of variety, it is proper to observe, that novelty sometimes requires a little abatement. I mean, that some degree of familiarity introduces a discovery of relative beauty, more than adequate to the bloom of novelty.....This is, now and then, obvious in the features of a face, the air of some tunes, and the flavour of some dishes. In short, it requires some familiarity to become acquainted with the relation that parts bear unto the whole, or one object to another.

Variety, in the same object, where the beauty does not depend on intimation (which is the case in foliage, bustos, basso-relievos, painting), requires uniformity. For instance, an octagon is much more beautiful than a figure of unequal sides ; which is at once various and disagreeable.

FINIS.